

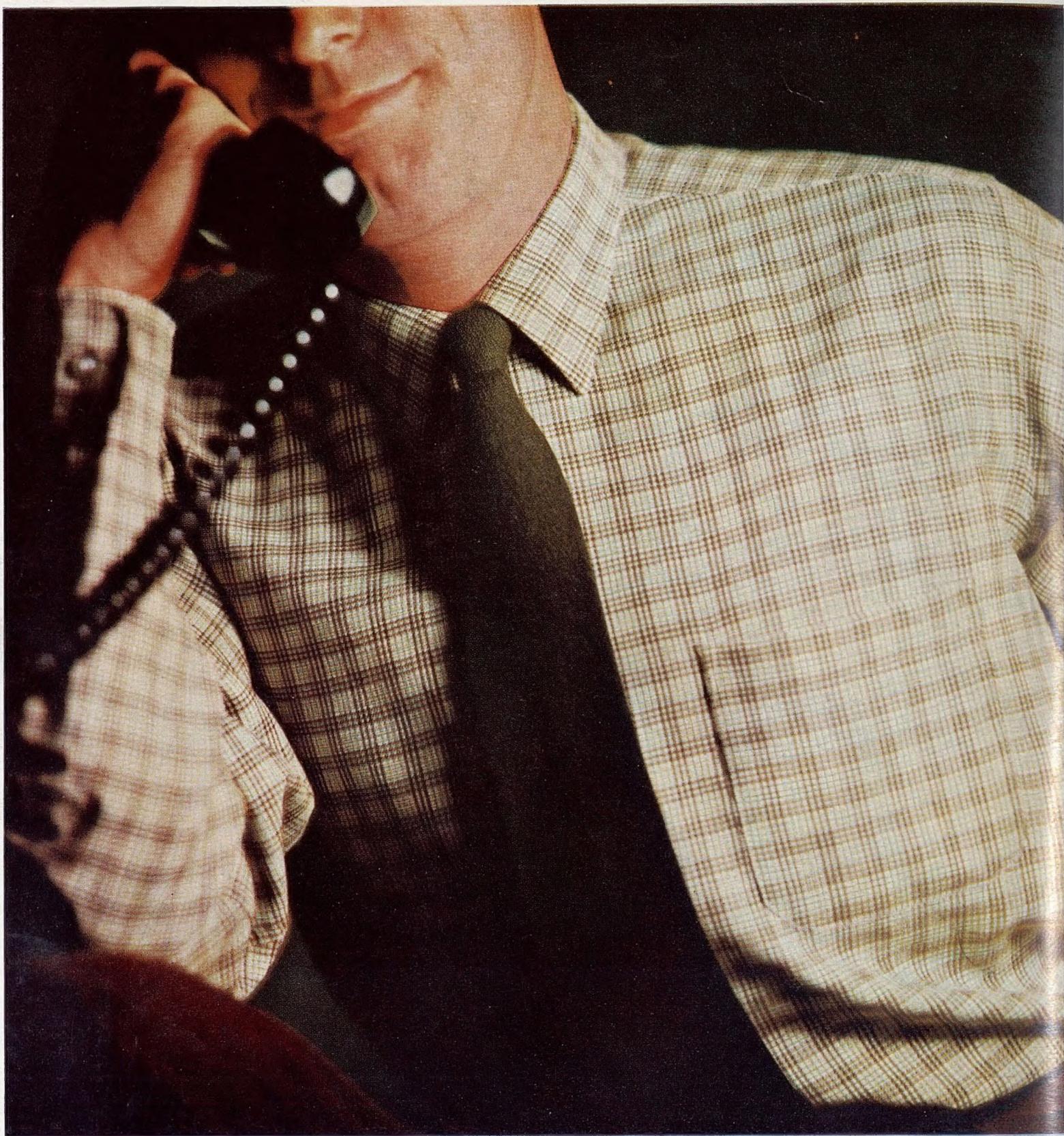
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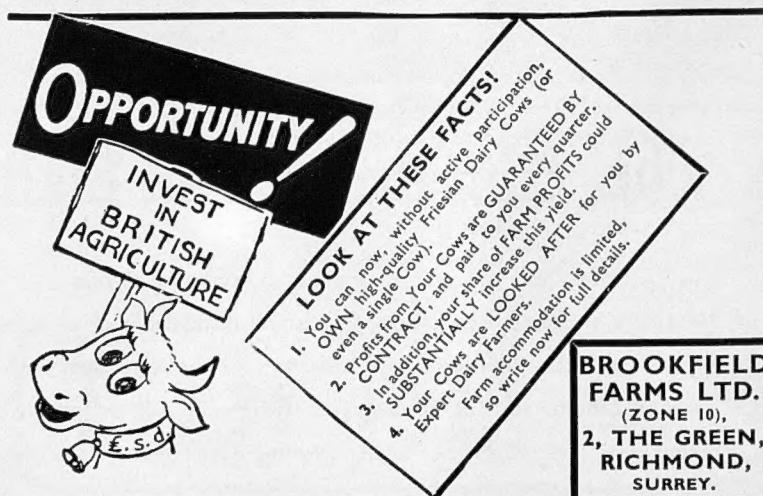
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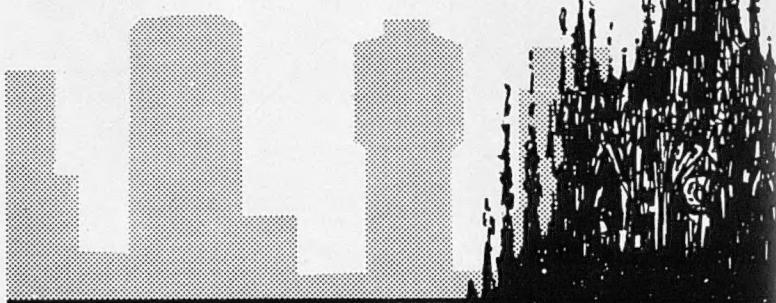
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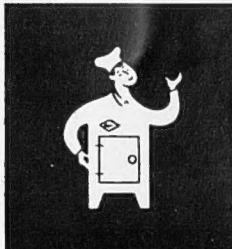
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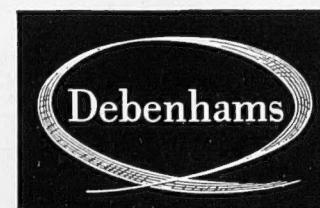
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27 SEPTEMBER 1961

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Leather makes news for autumn in a dress of fine Persian suède dyed a warm russet and lined throughout. Sleeveless with a long bodice and flared skirt, the dress has a low waistline outlined with a narrow band of the same suède. Buy it from Young Jaeger, Regent Street, W.1; Sloane Street, S.W.1, price: 29 gns. The long gilt chains with bobbles from Dickins & Jones, W.1, 25s. each. For more about leather turn to page 707. Fashion news from Paris: page 702. Picture by David Olins

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3 IN PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Pheasant shooting starts, 1 October. **Horse Of The Year Show**, Wembley Stadium, 3-7 October.

Chelsea Autumn Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, 4-14 October.

South of England Croquet Championships, Eastbourne, 2-14 October.

Revue, in the ballroom of the Carlton Tower, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, 9.30 p.m. champagne party for 10 p.m. revue, 3, 4 & 5 October. (Tickets £5 5s. including champagne party, from Lady Grenfell, 4 Palace Gate, W.8. Tel.: Knightsbridge 8222.)

Women Of The Year Luncheon, Savoy Hotel, 5 October.

Scottish Kennel Club Championship Show, Edinburgh, 6-7 October.

Greyhound Cesarewitch, West Ham Stadium, 6 October.

The Benenden Ball, Quaglino's, 6 October. (Tickets from Mrs. Dalrymple, Wycherleys, Benenden, Kent.)

British Horse Society Trials, Tweseldown, Hants, 7 October.

Fashion Show by the House of Worth at Berkeley Castle, Glos, 7 October, in aid of the Cheshire Foundation Homes. (Tickets, 3.30 p.m. show, £2 2s. including tea; 8.30 p.m. show £4 4s., including champagne buffet. Double tickets for evening show, £7 7s. From D. A. Wykes, Esq., Lloyds Bank, 23 Milsom Street, Bath.)

Beau Brummel Ball, Grosvenor House, 9 October, in aid of the English-Speaking Union. (Includes show of the latest men's clothing by the Men's Fashion Council.)

Fashion Show (London Fashion House Group, and Continental clothes), Arundel Castle, 3 p.m., 9 October, in aid of the Red Cross. (Tickets, 30s., including tea, from Mrs. Evershed-Martin, Trefusis, Pine Grove, Chichester, or M. P. Attree, Esq., Lloyds Bank, East Street, Chichester.)

"Do-Re-Mi" (American musical) charity gala, Prince of Wales Theatre, 8 p.m., 11 October, in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. (Tickets £2 2s. to £5 5s. from the Secretary, R.N.L.I., 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. Tel.: SLO 0031, Ext. 18.)

Bobsleigh Ball, Grosvenor House, 26 October. (Tickets, £3 3s. before 1 October, £4 4s. subsequently, from John Kimberley Associates, 17a South Audley Street, W.1.)

Maple Leaf Ball, the Dorchester, 22 November. (Tickets from the Hon. Sec., Canadian Women's Club, 55 Sloane Street, S.W.1.)

Hambleton Hunt Ball, Guildhall, Winchester, 24 November. (Tickets from the Hon. Mrs. A. J. Younger, Graylings, Twyford, Hants.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Newmarket, Beverley, today; Haydock Park, 29, 30 September; Newmarket, Catterick Bridge, Lanark, Downpatrick, 30 September; Nottingham, 2, 3; Lingfield Park, York, 4, 5 October.

Steeplechasing: Plumpton, today; Ludlow, Seone, today & 28 September; Fontwell Park, Hereford, Uttoxeter, Hexham, 30 September; Hexham, 2 October.

GOLF

Glenegleas Hotel Tournament, Perthshire, to 29 September.

RUGBY

First Test Match, Great Britain v. New Zealand, Headingley, Leeds. 30 September.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Patineurs, Giselle*, 28 September, 4 October; *The Lady & The Fool, Jabez & The Devil, Diversions*, 30 September; *Ondine*, 3 October. All 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Die Walküre*, 1, 2, 5 October (1st performances), 6 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. London Mozart Players, tonight; Yehudi Menuhin with London Philharmonic Orchestra, 28 September; Walter Blankenheim (piano), with London Symphony Orchestra, 29 September; Beethoven programme by Philharmonia Orchestra, 30 September, all at 8 p.m. Children's programme with William Clauson, the International Troubadour, 3 p.m., 1 October; Hallé Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 1 October; Beethoven programme with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, 2 October; Franz Reizenstein (piano) with L.P.O., 3 October; Beethoven's Mass In C by B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, 4 October. All 8 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells. *Carmen*, 7 p.m., tonight & 30 Sept., 3 October; *Barber Of Seville*, 7.30 p.m., 29 September, 4 October; *Tosca*, 7.30 p.m., 5 October. (TER 1672/3.)

Wigmore Hall. London Piano Series. Daniel Barenboim, 3 p.m., 1 October.

ART

Max Ernst, retrospective exhibition, 1917-61, Tate Gallery, to 15 October.

26 Young Sculptors, Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover Street, W.1, to 7 October.

Modern Stained Glass, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. 5 October-4 November.

Sir Chandos Hoskyns Abrahall, paintings, Centaur Gallery, Portobello Road, W.11. To 7 October.

London Salon of Photography, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, to 7 October.

Norwegian Painters, Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue, to 7 October.

William McCance, selected works, 1914-61. Foyles Art Gallery, to 7 October.

Lecture: "Sculpture & Modelling In Victorian Architecture," by Charles Handley-Read, Victoria & Albert Museum, 6.15 p.m., tonight, & 4 October. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS

Caravan Exhibition, Earls Court, to 30 September.

Watch & Jewellery Fair, Earls Court, to 29 September.

Victorian Porcelain, Worcester House, Curzon Street, to 30 September.

"The Capital Ship," Royal Maritime Museum, Greenwich, to end of year.

Business Efficiency Exhibition, Olympia, 3-11 October.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary British Literature, 2-6 October.

Swansea Festival of Music & the Arts, 6-20 October.

Leeds Triennial Music Festival, 7-14 October.

Stroud Religious Drama & Festival of the Arts, 8-15 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre. *The Shewing-up Of Blanco Posnet* and *Androcles & The Lion*, 3 October.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 696.

Dr. Faustus. ". . . the old play in an altogether new light . . . a brilliant pageant . . . masterpiece revitalized." Paul Daneman, Michael Goodliffe. (Old Vic, WAT 7616.)

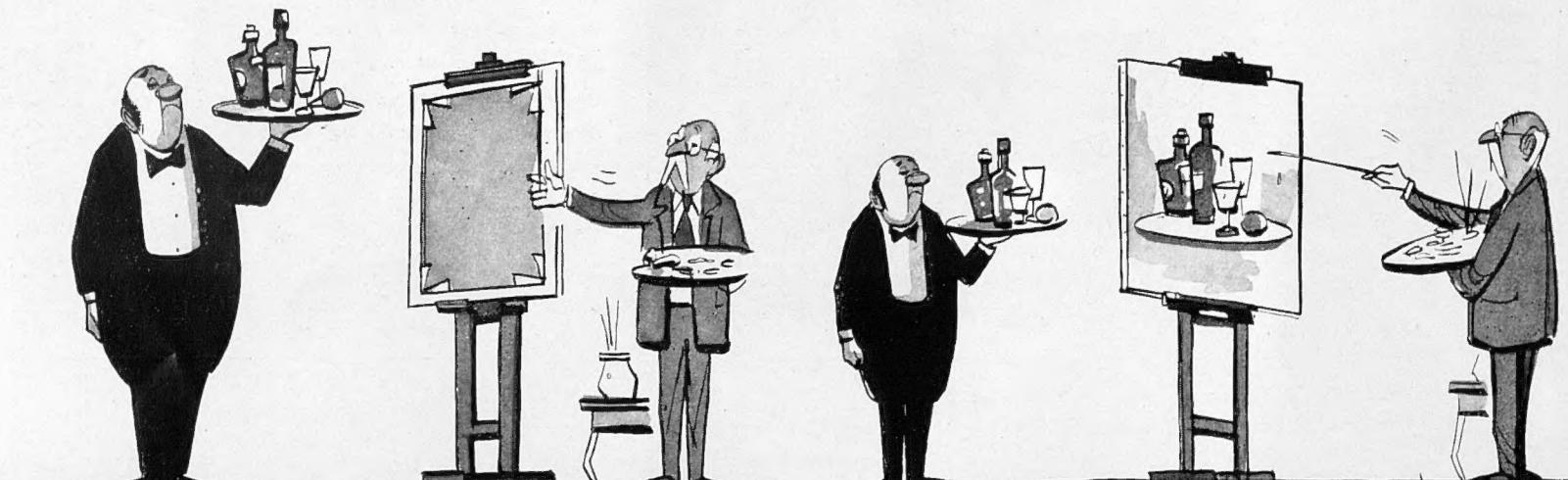
CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 697.

G.R. = General release

The Naked Edge. ". . . Mr. Gary Cooper, a darling man if ever there was one, in his last film. . . . I could tell you who is in the bathroom, lovingly handling that old cut-throat razor, but I wouldn't dream of doing so." Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr, Eric Portman, Diane Cilento, Hermione Gingold. **G.R.**

BRIGGS by Graham





JANE BOWN

GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES

Sammy Davis, Jr., has audiences cheering twice nightly at the Prince of Wales. Singing, dancing, miming, his protean talents frequently overrun the show's allotted two and a half hours. His limited season in London ends on 7 October

**GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES**

CONTINUED

Right: *First-timers at Stratford-on-Avon*. Sir John Gielgud and Dame Peggy Ashcroft, who play Othello & Emilia in the season's last production, roles they have never been seen in before. With them: producer Franco Zeffirelli. Below right: *First-timer in Soho*. Peter Cook, of the Beyond The Fringe quartet, leaves the premises of The Establishment (formerly strip club Tropicana), a new club with a slant on satire of which he is joint promoter with Nicholas Luard—see last week's Tatler. Among the guest stars will be Dudley Moore (below) and others of Mr. Cook's Fringe colleagues

DAVID SIM



IMELDA BLAKE



LEWIS MORRIS

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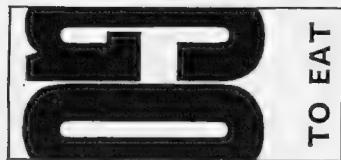
A superbly-styled, meticulously-made Omega is a lifetime's investment—in beauty, as well as accuracy. But sometimes, the money to pay for it may not be easily available. That's where Benson's Extended Credit Plan can help. The gold Omega 'Seamaster' for instance is priced at £167.15.0, a considerable sum for most people to pay in cash, but you could have it under the Benson Plan for a small deposit payment followed by easy monthly instalments.

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John Baker White

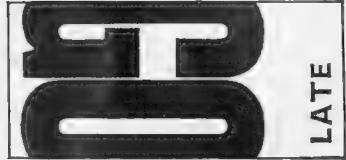
For that special evening

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table

Sir Harry's Bar, corner of Hertford Street and Down Street. (GRO 7597.)

C.S. *Confort cossu* is the term the French would use to describe this quite new restaurant. There is a forest of oak, the tables have a merciful privacy not easy to find these days, and the atmosphere is restful. The cooking, including a special mixed grill, is, like the service, of high quality, and the wines are well chosen. There is pleasant piano music early in the evening, and dancing on a miniature floor later. It is, rather naturally, not cheap; allow about 35s. to 40s. per head for food. A good place to take your very special girl-friend, or in which to forget Mr. K. W.B.

Unity Restaurant, 91 King's Road, Chelsea. (FLA 1379.) If you are fond of Shish Kebab, Moussaka and Chicken Pilaff, this is the place to get it. The fact that it always seems to be nearly full shows that others share my opinion. It has some of the best Greek cooking in London, but its menu covers other parts of Europe as well. The service is deft and friendly. By spending just under £1, without drink, you can do well. Incidentally, opposite is one of the best chocolate shops in London. W.B.



Douglas Sutherland

Getting into gear again

WITH THE ONSET OF OCTOBER, LONDON'S NIGHT LIFE TAKES ON A BRISKER look. Regular late nighters are returning to their haunts and competition for their custom is keenly sought. It is surprising, looking back to this time last year, to notice how much has changed. New clubs have opened and died with a whimper, others have opened and hit the jackpot. Notable in the second category are of course Alex Stirling's immensely popular club, **The Village**, in Lower Sloane Street and the **Fifty-Five**, now a firmly established favourite in Jermyn Street. Then, too, there is **The Establishment** which even before it opens is strongly tipped to prove a winner. I also have news of at least two new ventures. It's too early to give news yet but they may well carve out a niche for themselves in the fickle loyalties of Café Society.

It is surprising to remember, too, that barely a year ago "one-armed bandits" were rare birds and "chemmy" was still illegal. Now there is scarcely an afternoon club without its fruit machine—and a fair quota of customers who play on them—and chemin-de-fer has settled down to being an accepted part of the entertainment late-night London has to offer—though on a much more limited scale than was at first feared by the Mrs. Grundys. All in all I think that this year's crop of young men about town and their partners can find a wider range of amusing and not necessarily expensive places to go than they could a year ago, and most certainly much better than a few years back. This in a world of rising prices and increasing restrictions is, I suppose, something.

There is also evidence of an improvement in late-night eating. For a long time I have regarded **Murray's Club** in Beak Street as possibly the only late, late club to take the food problem seriously. There the food is sufficiently good for members to arrive early, see an early show

The friendly Dragon

The Dragon Hotel, Swansea. (Tel. 51074.) A brand new eight-floor Trust House, opened in May, with 117 bedrooms, all with bathrooms and telephones. I congratulate them on this bright and cheerful place, which catches the spirit of the 60s. I liked particularly the Butterly, which specializes in grills, and charges only about 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. for the main course, including vegetables. The restaurant is spacious with a most attractive colour scheme. Full marks to the Butterly for the meat, cheese board and coffee, which was excellent. This hotel should fulfil a long-felt need.

Return of the snail

British snails from the Mendip Hills and 950 items on the wine list—beating the Twenty-One in New York which has 653—will be features of a new restaurant to be built in Bristol by John Harvey & Son, the wine merchants. It is to be in their 18th-century cellars in Denmark Street, will cost £40,000, and is due to open in April 1962. Good edible snails have existed in the Mendips since the days of the Romans, and the menu of the new restaurant will be traditional British. Mr. Harold Wilshaw, chef, writer and broadcaster on food and wine, will run it.

... and a reminder

Grotta Azzurra, Church Street, Kensington. (WES. 3896.) The latest in the Dino chain; Italian cooking.

Monseigneur Grill, 16 Jermyn Street. (REG. 6957.) C.S. Peace,

quiet, first-class cooking. W.B. **Massey's Chop House**, 38 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN. 4856.) C.S. New, real charcoal grill just installed. W.B.

Cranks' Salad Table, Carnaby Street, Soho. Strictly vegetarian; unusual décor.

and go contentedly to bed at an hour when most night clubs are only starting to fill up. This by any reckoning is a sensible way to spend an evening especially since the floor show at Murray's is one of the best in town. It goes on twice nightly and the club hours are from 7.30 p.m. until 3 a.m. News now of another well-known London night spot that is putting good eating high on the list of attractions. This is the **Eve Club** in Regent Street which was started in the early 1950s by Helen Archer and rapidly became one of the best-known clubs in town. Incidentally, I've an idea that Helen Archer is the only woman night club owner in London, which is surprising. After all "Ma" Merrick and Millie Hoey must go down in history as two of the most successful in the business and one would have thought imitators would be many.

What should eating in a night club cost? I went along to look at Helen Archer's menu and found it reasonable and surprisingly comprehensive. From a menu of over 100 dishes I selected Avocado pear, braised duckling (done in dry Vermouth and served with black olives), and mushrooms on toast, and got out for under 30s. Of course you can go to town with frogs' legs and roast grouse, but that sort of eating is expensive wherever you go and I don't think that either the Eve or Murray's are above the West End average. Jimmy O'Brien, Helen Archer's partner, tells me that the average expenditure per head of visitors to the Eve is £4 5s. which makes an evening out for two work out around the £10 mark. For this you get dinner, dancing and an excellent cabaret. Though pre-war late nighters may curl up at these figures they represent good value by today's standards. It is possible to spend twice that sum for much less value in less reputable clubs.

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) Extravaganza starring George & Bert Bernard and a packed bill of dancers, singers and showgirls

Talk of the Town (REG 5051) The Ten O'Clock Follies precede the popular Frances Faye whose season has been extended

Society (REG 9565) Marie Bernard, a young American singer entertains **Quaglino's** (WHD 6767) Gordon Clyde and Jean Rayner with songs at the piano
Colony (MAY 1657) Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves
Celebrity (HYD 7636) Max Wall Show includes American dancers, Scottish comedians and lots of dancers



ABROAD

Doone Beal

The call of Corsica

MY NOSTALGIA FOR CORSICA IS AGGRAVATED BY THE FACT THAT NOT only have I loved it, but I have left it more than half unseen. The third largest of the Mediterranean islands, Corsica is more difficult to get about in than either Sicily or Sardinia, both of whose two chief cities are linked by air. One flies to Ajaccio, but any suggestion of driving up to Calvi and the north in a day is greeted with one of those gigantic French shrugs that say "*impossible!*" Sceptical as ever, I was not convinced until the day I drove from eight in the morning until nine at night, on a route that takes only a medium-sized bite out of the island. It is, however, one of the most beautiful bites, inland over the mountains to Corte, and then out again to the coast at Porto and back along the west coast to Ajaccio.

Forget any idea that Corsica is an island, except by definition. Everything about it is big. Distances are emphasized both visually and physically by the perpetual folds in the mountains, with villages balconied over huge sweeps of valley. Chestnut and fir trees tower above the road and appear to drop for hundreds of feet into the gorges below, where broad streams flow over gigantic white boulders. The

air seems to have double the ration of oxygen—dry, strong and scented. It is a harsh and beautiful and, in a way, a generous country. Not a gentle one. Somehow, one might expect anybody who was born and lived there to have a certain extra stamina—as, after all, one of history's more notable characters was to prove. One appeal to Corsica, among many, is that it is civilized yet unexploited. Each mountain village—and the island, even in its wildest reaches, is surprisingly peppered with them—has its cafés, its *charcuterie*, bakers and wine shops. Mobile butchers' vans tour the remoter hamlets, with "*pot au feu, ragoût, viande*" stencilled on the windows. As I say, it is civilized. The food is provincial French throughout, than which one can hardly ask for better, with excellent local wines and a splendidly strong cheese that almost sears the tongue. There is only one luxury hotel on the island—the Bonaparte, at Ile Rouse, near Calvi. The rest are on the simple side and, especially in the mountain inns, you will be lucky to get a communal shower, let alone a private bath.

Porto is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful coastal villages and that, at least, I did see. Approaching it from the hills behind, it appears almost as through a high window, framed by thick chestnut trees. Its fistful of houses is tucked into a fold of an otherwise rocky coast, with two beautiful little sand beaches. There are five small hotels, of which the Méditerranée is the leading one. The Calanche—extraordinary dragon's tooth rocks, almost crimson in colour—line the coast from Porto to Piano. From there to Ajaccio, the road is bordered with virgin beaches nearly all the way. They are scattered with small

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Corsica: Ajaccio is the best touring centre

hotels, and good for casual swimming, but there is nowhere to stay that is comparable with Porto. Otherwise, it seems that one must settle for one of the larger towns and make sorties from there. Bastia, with several hotels (though none of them first class), commends itself as the base for Cap Corse, whose western coast is starred in several places on Michelin's map for the views. On the north coast proper, Ile Rouse with its luxury hotel is probably more attractive to stay in than Calvi and I am told that its beaches are superb.

But for most purposes—and certainly if one were visiting Corsica out of season, when many hotels close, Ajaccio, in the middle of the west coast, is the easiest place from which to explore most of the island. The Hotel du Golf there is right on the harbour, and another good one is the Grand Hotel Continental. Ajaccio has a lot of charm. It smells of freshly ground coffee, washing flaps and billows across the narrow streets and outside every other house are cages full of singing canaries. Slightly sinister when one considers that one of the dishes of the country is *pâté de merle*: the French are traditionally unsentimental about singing birds, black, yellow or otherwise. The buildings are immensely tall—six and seven stories high—which is a legacy from the long Genoese possession, when certain areas of the city, built for the Genoese nobility, were actually forbidden the local population. There was little love lost, and the Genoese rode an uneasy saddle for some four centuries until, in 1769, Corsica was ceded to the French. It is an odd coincidence that this was also the year of Napoleon's birth, and one of the natural pilgrimages is to his family house in the Rue St. Charles.

Michelin list, in Ajaccio, some six restaurants with a spoon and fork but I followed my nose and dined excellently at the Petit Caporal in the Place Hoche. For 14 N.F. (just over £1) one had *pâté de merle*, *soup de poisson*, a magnificent *langouste mayonnaise*, cheese and a bottle of rosé. The tables sloped on to the pavement and the patron, who had not at first seemed over-anxious for our custom, turned out to be a friend. We left with the promise of a *cochon de lait* upon our next visit, heartily endorsed by handshakes from him, his wife, his daughter, his son-in-law and his sister.

The flight to Ajaccio is £48 18s. (B.E.A.). But though there are some good bus tours operated by Autocars S.C.N.F., a car of one's own is so desirable that I would motor to Nice or Marseilles (using the Lyons car ferry), and ship the car across. Cost, from either point, is from about £14 return. First-class passenger return to Marseilles is £22 17s., and to Nice £25 15s. B.E.A. return flight after 1 October is £42 7s.

Corsica: *Calvi, civilized but unexploited*



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Gilda RIGHT

First again from Braemar—a double cardigan set in Charcoal lambswool. Short-sleeved button-through cardigan under heavier, long-sleeved jacket (each sold separately). Also in Cornflower Blue and Wild Orchid. Sizes 34-40. Together about £8.12s.6d. Separately: cardigan about 75s; jacket about 97s.6d.

Sophie FAR RIGHT

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HAWICK, SCOTLAND



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The clans gather for Ayr race week



The Western Meeting at Ayr was again a September high-point with the clans gathering from all parts of Scotland, a big influx of overseas visitors, lots of balls and parties and some good prize money. Among visitors from the south were Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher who saw their Dual win the Doonside Cup. High in the list of race week parties was that given by the Earl & Countess of Eglinton & Winton—she is seen left—with a guest list largely compiled by their daughter Lady Susanna Montgomerie (far left) and son Lord Montgomerie. Muriel Bowen writes about the people and parties in the Burns country overleaf with more pictures by Van Hallan



Semloh Two, owned by Mrs. E. B. Holmes, is led in after winning the Royal Burgh of Ayr Handicap. Below: Captain Charles Ramsay and Major I. R. Readman



MURIEL BOWEN in Ayrshire

AYR'S WESTERN MEETING WAS THE GREAT gathering point of the clans with balls and house parties grouped round it. There is always a cosmopolitan attendance too at Ayr, prize money is good and the club enclosure is one of the most attractive I know. There is a really well-appointed and run dining-room and an attractive bar that has its own courtyard with chairs grouped round tables in the open. This year there was a big invasion of horses from England and several from across the Irish Sea. Sir Harold & Lady Zia Wernher were there to see their Dual win the Doonside Cup and Sir John & Lady Musker watched Right of Way take one of the bigger purses, the Ayrshire Handicap. The Earl & Countess of Eglinton and Winton had a young house party for race week. It was really a guest list made up by their son Lord Montgomerie and their daughter Lady Susanna Montgomerie. Miss Jane Raikes was staying with them, also Mr. Tom Cubridge and several more very keen on racing. Lady Rowallan brought her own large party including her sister, Mrs. W. Black. "People who once come for the Western Meeting keep coming back time and again," Mrs. Monica Gardiner told me. "And I'm not surprised—Ayrshire people are the nicest in the world." She gave at least two of her buffet suppers, noted for their good food and lively conversation, during

the meeting. One was preceded by an evening at the annual and rumbustious race week show at the Ayr Gaiety. People racing included the Hon. Heather Galbraith (her parents, Lord & Lady Strathclyde had a cocktail party during the meeting), Viscount Moore, Mrs. Jim Lindley, Mr. Charles Fergusson & the Hon. Mrs. Fergusson who had an evening party at Kilkerren after the second day's racing, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Dick and his sister, Annetta. Also there: the Earl & Countess of Ellesmere, Viscount & Viscountess Weir, Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Dunlop, Miss Amanda Selby, Lady Moyra Fitz-Gerald, and Mrs. J. T. Lorimer who, commenting on the blustery weather, told me that before the war summer dresses were always worn at the Western Meeting. Lady Rotherwick was another of the race week hostesses. She and her husband had Mr. & Mrs. Billy Abel Smith to stay, also Miss Elizabeth Heald and Mr. Robin and the Hon. Mrs. Hill and several others. They have also taken their hunters to Ayrshire from the Heythrop country. "All the hill work here is wonderful for getting them fit, besides they enjoy coming to Ayrshire and so do the grooms," Lady Rotherwick told me.

GOLF AT TURNBERRY

A great rendezvous for the visitors to Ayrshire is, of course, Turnberry. What Gleneagles is to

Perthshire, Turnberry is to Ayrshire. I arrived late in the evening, the hotel was bathed in orange flood-lighting and the rock of Ailsa Craig was barely visible through the mist. A lovely sight and just the right time to arrive. Earl & Countess Cadogan were staying there for the races, and so were Mr. & Mrs. Chalmers Watson and Mr. Jack Jarvis and Miss Jarvis. Others there then or earlier were: Judge & Mrs. N. A. J. Cohen who had come on from Parknassilla, Mr. & Mrs. P. H. Shirley (he's Dr. Beeching's deputy and a 15-year-old observer told me that he plays "a good and improving game" of golf), Sir James & Lady Dyer Simpson, Dr. & Mrs. D. P. Choyce and their three boys, Mrs. Victor Reilly who stayed at Turnberry on her way home to Cheshire from Montreal, and Mr. & Mrs. S. W. Marshall-Andrew whose 13-year-old son Bruce beat all ages in the golf competition for hotel guests. Naturally the interest in Turnberry has quickened since the British Amateur Golf Championship was held there in June. It is certainly a difficult course, probably the most challenging in Scotland. The rough is really rough at Turnberry. Brigadier Sir James & Lady Gault have been over from Culzean Castle playing on both the Arran and Ailsa courses. They were staying at President Eisenhower's comfortable flat in the castle. Mr. & Mrs. R. P. Schweder, Sir John & Lady



Left: Miss Sarah Mitchell. Far left: Mrs. D. B. Roper. Below: Mr. Nicholas Phipps, Mr. James Hunter Blair, Miss Julia Scott and Miss Elizabeth Lawson



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Tait, and Mr. & Mrs. M. Broadbent are others who have been playing there recently. "It's amazing all the people who come and ask which of the courses the Amateur was played on and then go out and have a game on it," Mr. Ian Marchbank, Turnberry's handsome young professional, told me. "We seem to be getting more parties of Americans too; especially husband and wife teams."

PIPES AT ROWALLAN

A piper played on the Castle tower when guests arrived at Rowallan for the dance given there by Lady Rowallan for the coming-of-age of her son Robert who is up at Oxford and the coming-out of her daughter, Fiona (*pictures overleaf*). In the heart of the Burns country it gave an emotional touch the poet would have approved. It was "Bonnie Highland Lassie" as girls in pretty dresses stepped daintily over the puddles formed by a late evening shower, and "Scotland the Brave" as the young stags strode to the door from their parked cars. Though in the ballroom people kept saying that "everybody" was there they had forgotten one very important person. In Tasmania, 14,000 miles away, the Governor, Lord Rowallan, was seated at his desk with the "in" and "out" boxes lined up before him. No tower, no piper, and for Lord Rowallan today in Scotland was already tomorrow in

Hobart. "He's carrying on as usual in Tasmania, he never expected to get home for the dance," Lady Rowallan told me. His fellow Scots however did not allow duty, the office desk or anything else for that matter to stop them getting to Rowallan Castle for the party. They arrived promptly at 10.30 all ready for the fun to begin. There were the Hon. Joseph & Mrs. Corbett, the Master of Reay and his sister the Hon. Elizabeth Mackay, Miss Caroline Maclean, Mr. Robin Carnegie, Miss Elizabeth Scrymgeour-Wedderburn and Mr. Duncan Macleod of Skeabost—all dancing with a verve that confirmed, better than words ever could, that the Rowallan dance was something worth waiting weeks for. Smiles lit up the faces of Miss Diana Murdoch and Miss Marian Stihill from Tasmania. The smiles gave out their secret—at the end of a 14,000 miles journey there was a dance they would always remember.

Then there were those who crossed the Border: Lady Emma Cavendish, Miss Grizelda Grimond, Miss Candida Betjeman (she's been singing in the Oxford University Revue at the Edinburgh Festival) and the Earl of Shaftesbury—all very gay and amusing even if some of them did get a bit caught up in *The Duke of Perth*.

Lots of Scots had gone home for Ayr Race Week. That they by-passed the champagne too

in favour of Scotch was something that didn't miss the eagle eye of Mr. Jamie Hunter Blair. "Loyal, loyal;" he pronounced punchily. Loyal is a great word with Ayrshire men. To favour Scotch instead of champagne is very definitely "loyal." But there is nobody quite so "loyal" as a Scottish girl who gives up an exotic-sounding job in London (especially if she's pretty), and returns to Scotland to live at home. Men like to be seen escorting pretty girls and Ayrshire men are no exception. However, Lady Rowallan thought of everything. There were two bands for dancing, and one particularly quiet sitting-out room with packs of cards where Mr. John Henderson and his friends were able to enjoy a quiet game of Patience between dances.

Five o'clock and the steel band, weary of sitting in their corner, decided to walk round the house and through the courtyard, still playing. Behind, as a sort of master of ceremonies, came Captain Charles Ramsay, improvising dances as he went, and followed by those still not tired: Miss Corbett herself (being a sportswoman—last year she was Tasmania's water ski champion—goes through these late party nights with gusto), so do Mr. Bobby McIntyre, Miss Caroline Graham from Yorkshire, Lady Meriel Douglas-Home, and Miss Janet Lyle, the outstandingly beautiful granddaughter of Viscount

CONTINUED ON PAGE 679



The floodlit Castle. Below: Miss Caroline Maclean, daughter of Sir Robert Alexander Maclean



Pipes for the twain of Rowallan



Miss Peta Carolyn Stocker and Count Moraitinis. Right: The Hon. Jacquetta Lampson, daughter of Lord Killearn, and the Master of Reay, son of Lord Reay

A piper on the topmost tower of Rowallan Castle, Kilmarnock, played for the dance given for the coming-out of the Hon. Fiona Corbett and the coming-of-age of her brother the Hon. Robert Corbett by their mother, Lady Rowallan, wife of the Governor of Tasmania



Lady Rotherwick and the Earl of Shaftesbury. Right: Mrs. M. R. Gairdner and Mr. Roderic O'Connor

Right: *The piper on the main tower.*
Below: *Miss Nike Kent Taylor.*
Below right: *The Hon. Robert Corbett and his sister the Hon. Fiona Corbett, with their mother Lady Rowallan*





Mrs. Norman Johnstone and her daughter Victoria. Left: the Marquess of Exeter. Far left: Major Robert Hoare



Earl Fitzwilliam. Above centre: The Duchess of Beaufort, Col. M. Ansell, Countess Campello and the Duke of Beaufort. Left: Miss S. Whitmore and Mannikin in trouble at the trout hatchery



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Right: Miss A. Drummond-Hay on *Merely-A-Monarch*, winners of the trials. Below: Captain Norman Arthur before riding *O'Malley's Tango* over the cross-country course



MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Thurso, the wartime Air Minister. A wonderful night Lord Rowallan, and if the bills are now starting to slip through the letterbox you will find plenty of witnesses to agree that every penny added to the fun.

GIVEN AWAY—ONE CASTLE

Fine old mansions present even bigger maintenance problems for their owners in Scotland than they do in England. I've just been hearing of **Lord Elphinstone's** gift of Carberry Tower to the Youth Committee of the Church of Scotland. Lord Elphinstone put the estate on the books of an Edinburgh auctioneer. Then on hearing of the Youth Committee's need for a conference centre he made a gift of the Tower with its landscaped pleasure gardens to the Committee. The rest—about 200 acres of land and farm buildings—are to be sold off. After reconstruction Carberry Tower will accommodate about 100. All the existing buildings will be used and the badminton court will make a conference room seating 300.

A SCOT WINS AT BURGHLEY

Back in England the high spot of the week was the British Horse Society's Three Day Event at Burghley Park, near Stamford, Lincolnshire, and even this provided a Scottish triumph with **Miss Annelli Drummond-Hay** winning easily on the big, galloping brown *Merely-A-Monarch* which she owns in partnership with a Perthshire neighbour, Mrs. A. Gilroy. What a triumph it was too! Three years ago Miss Drummond-Hay bought *Monarch* as almost unrideable. He

had developed a habit of throwing his riders in a way that none could overcome, but due to Miss Drummond-Hay's patient schooling and clever riding he's now the best of our Three Day Event horses. Burghley was exciting. A new course designed for international riders (though those expected from abroad went to Geneva instead) was a difficult test even for the experienced. The pond, deep and with an uneven bottom, swamped several. **Col. "Pudding" Williams**'s grey *Cottage Romance*, fourth in last year's Olympics, momentarily disappeared in it. Miss **Gay Tilney**, third in the Pony Club championships the previous week, got a fair soaking in another patch of water but remounted her free-striding *Leander* to carry on and finish sixth. Three years ago as result of a car smash on her way home from a débutante ball Miss Tilney had two plastic surgery operations on her face. Few of her friends expected her to ride again, but when she was well enough she went off and bought *Leander* out of the compensation she got from the insurance company in order to enter three-day events, the most competitive field of riding there is. Miss **J. Sebag-Montefiore** was going beautifully when I saw her half-way round on her big, sensible-looking chestnut, *Samantha*. Plenty of mud on her clothes told its own story, but persistence paid. After a series of mishaps she was still there at the end, finishing ninth. There were cheers for Miss **S. Whitmore** from Edenbridge for the way she got over Capability's Cutting which had stopped quite a few. Her *Mannikin* jumped with ease and grace; a model performance. But for those looking to the

next Olympic Games the performance of the day was that of **Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon** on Mr. **Neil Gardiner's** *Young Pretender*. He made such complexities as the Y fence look child's play. Around the cross-country course was quite a slice of the sporting Midlands. Miss **Mervyn Pike**, M.P., taking a day off from the Post Office—where she is No. 2—was enjoying the fun. So too were: **Major & Mrs. Robert Hoare**, **Mr. & Mrs. M. D. McAlpine**, **Lt.-Col. & Mrs. H. L. V. Beddington**, and **Earl & Countess Fitzwilliam**. Busiest person at the Trials was the former Cottesmore joint-Master, **Sir Henry Tate**, Bt. As chief steward it was his job to place all volunteer labour. **Col. Lord Brassey of Apethorpe** was put in charge of communications; **Capt. Mike Cavenagh** saw to the finish box, and **Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin** presided as clerk of the scales. Sir Henry certainly picked people who knew what was expected of them. The judge at Capability's Cutting had a full set of carpenter's equipment to one side of his canvas chrome beach chair, and liquid refreshment with two glasses on the other.

Others at the Trials were: **Capt. & Mrs. Lionel Dawson** (he watched the cross-country course from horse-back), **Countess Campello**, **Mrs. "Muffet" Henderson**, **Brig. & Mrs. Lyndon Bolton**, and **Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Val Iffrench Blake** whose son **Anthony** rode *Terrhou*. **The Marquess of Exeter**—who, with his usual sense of fun, suggested lifebelts for the place that *Cottage Romance* fell in—lent Burghley for the trials after the Princess Royal's *Harewood* proved unavailable because of the aftermath of the severe foot-&mouth outbreak.



Mr. Walter Flack on the bows of his motor-yacht. Below: Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck



Lunch for a launching



Mrs. Walter Flack with icing version of the yacht

Right: Mr. R. Rivers Bulkeley, one of the shipyard engineers, looks over the engine. Below: Mr. Harry Dowsett, chairman of Brooke Marine Ltd.



Below left: *Lady Gladwyn launched the yacht.* Below: *Lord Gladwyn*



Guests attended a celebration lunch after the launching of the £80,000 motor-yacht, Isambard K. Brunel, that was built for Mr. Walter Flack at the Lowestoft yard of Brooke Marine Ltd.



Mrs. Flack with Mr. & Mrs. J. Lithiby. Left: Miss Regina Mayer and Mr. H. R. Gartley who designed the yacht



Mr. J. G. Phillimore, chairman of the Anglo-Argentine Society, and Mrs. Phillimore received the guests

PHOTOGRAPHS:
A. V. SWAEBE

Sir George & Lady Middleton with (centre) Mr. G. P. Ritchie



DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION

Sir George Middleton, Ambassador-designate to Argentina, & Lady Middleton were guests of honour at a reception given by the Anglo-Argentine Society before their departure



Sr. Carlos Pueyrredon and Colonel H. Brookhouse



The Hon. Arthur & Mrs. Lawson-Johnston with Admiral C. A. Sanchez



Sir William Mabane and Señora Teodoro Hartung, wife of the Argentine Ambassador



Mr. Archie Walker,
Miss Elizabeth Law-
son, Mr. Adam Fer-
gusson & Mr. James
Hunter Blair

PHOTOGRAPHS:
VAN HALLAN

AYRSHIRE SNIPE SHOOT

*A snipe shoot in the rain fol-
lowed a luncheon party given
by Mr. James Hunter Blair,
young son of Sir James Hunter
Blair, Bt., of Blairquhan at his
Ayrshire home near Maybole*



Miss Mitchell and Mr. Houison Craufurd



Mr. James Hunter Blair, the host



Scott, the retriever,
gives over a snipe to
keeper Downie

Julia Pilcher (*right*), daughter of the British Ambassador to the Philippines, has spent most of her life abroad. For her, a visit to London is an adventure in discovery. She says: "I was born in Chelsea, but this is my first visit to London as an adult and I don't find it easy to give a clear-cut impression of the city. I was five when I went to Rome, spending four years there and longer in Madrid. Though I miss some of the outward gaiety and sophistication of these cities, I love the diverse elements of the London scene, from the stiffly formal to the weirdly eccentric. And the people are so tolerant; no one turned to stare at a young man wearing bathing trunks in Oxford Street. Hats that would stop the traffic anywhere else scarcely raise a smile. The anonymity of life in this vast capital is also wonderful. In the smaller capitals in which I've lived, the censure of friends and relatives can be oppressive. This doesn't mean that I find London impersonal or unfriendly. I miss seeing the same faces at every gathering, but I gain by discovering new types at every turn"



Visitor from Manila



A serious ballet student, Julia equips herself at Freed's, later (far left) calls in at a Soho street market

PHOTOGRAPHS: GERTI DEUTSCH



Getting to know the informal London, Julia visits friends at Hampstead (left), leaps from boat to boat among the floating colony off Cheyne Walk near her Chelsea home



London can be exhausting



Julia at the Hampstead fun-fair. Below left: In the costume gallery of the Victoria & Albert



A TYRO AT THE OPERA



SINCE MISS SUTHERLAND ACHIEVED DIVA STATUS BY GETTING THROUGH a whole opera in Italian, and Covent Garden managed to acquire once more the services of a permanent musical director, things are looking up in Bow Street. Being seen at the Garden is becoming, if not yet compulsory, at least more necessary than ever. But the expert opera-goer is quite rare, and not at all the same thing as a musical snob. There are certain performances essential for the former that the latter will go out of his way to miss: a Sutherland *Lucia*, to give several examples. There is also the mistaken idea (dating from pre-1914) that it is smart to go to the opera regardless of what is playing. Indiscriminate attendance can lead to disastrous gaffes. It may sound rather fine to have booked for *Die Walküre*, but remember it starts about the time you are usually having cocktails, and ends about the time you are usually thinking of just popping into *Les A.* You could also find yourself surrounded by people seeing *La Bohème* for the first time; a dispiriting experience.

For the opera-going novice, the best bet is an Occasion; gala nights, the only appearance of the great Italian tenor and, of course, premières. First performances are usually safe, but can play odd tricks; you are unlikely to acquire the same éclat from appearing at a home-grown revival of *Orpheus* as from the equally home-grown *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Starry galas are a must, however. For one thing they look good in memoirs ("Nicholas and I went to the Siepi *Giovanni*. Such an elevating evening . . ."), and have a therapeutic effect on the children ("Mummy and I are going to see Callas tonight, darling, so try not to upset nanny . . ."). For a more ordinary occasion the opera must be selected with care. The days when any pre-*Aida* Verdi was unmentionable are past. *Trov.*, *Trav.*, and *Rig.* are still slightly suspect, but early Verdi counts for a lot; the earlier, the more Verdi-gurdy, the better in fact. So rush to *I Lombardi* and *Il Battaglio di Legano*, and full marks for being able to hum a tune from *I Due Foscari*. Strauss (Richard, not Johann) is in high esteem at the moment, Britten always, Mozart for ever, Handel is slightly on the wane. Apart from certain exceptions among contemporary works, other operas depend entirely on the cast or conductor. At Glyndebourne, of course, even *L'Elisir D'Amore* counts.

A useful rule is never refer to an opera coupled with its composer. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Verdi's *Falstaff* and Bellini's *Norma* brand a beginner in one. At the moment it is Klemperer's *Fidelio*, Zeffirelli's *Falstaff*, Callas's *Norma*. Of course, these are likely to change overnight, since some other diva might perform a stunning *Norma* in Buenos Aires and oust Madame Callas, and next week at Covent Garden we shall see Gobbi's *Falstaff*. It would be wise to learn the names of a few producers; Zeffirelli and Visconti are good starters. To be able to chatter gaily about Felsenstein's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in East Berlin is a coup musically and conversationally, not to say politically. Learn, too, which singers you can refer to by their surnames alone; Callas, Jurinac, Gobbi, Tebaldi and, since *Macbeth*, Shuard. But Rita Gorr, Teresa Berganza, Jon Vickers. Find out which singers you go to *hear*, which to *see*. One *sees* Callas, Franco Corelli, Gobbi and Christoff; *hears* Jurinac, Birgit Nilsson, Charles Craig.

A few basic tips towards opera house behaviour. It just will not work to arrive late. They won't let you in. And no amount of gay laughter can cover the basic disgrace of hunting up your seat in the first interval.

Production is considered more important than singing today, so admire a fussy stage crammed with busy extras; operas in which the singers merely stand in a line and make a glorious noise are not generally admired. Enthusiastic applause is dangerous unless you are absolutely sure of your ground. Clap as though you were awarding 6 out of 10 for effort. Never recall golden nights of Ponselle, Supervia or even Pagliughli —unless you look unequivocally old enough to have heard them. Do not spend the interval swotting up the synopsis of the next act, spend it more profitably by scanning the stalls with your opera glasses. And never say loudly "I was talking to Maria/Amy/Joan today. . . ." It may be true but it will not impress.

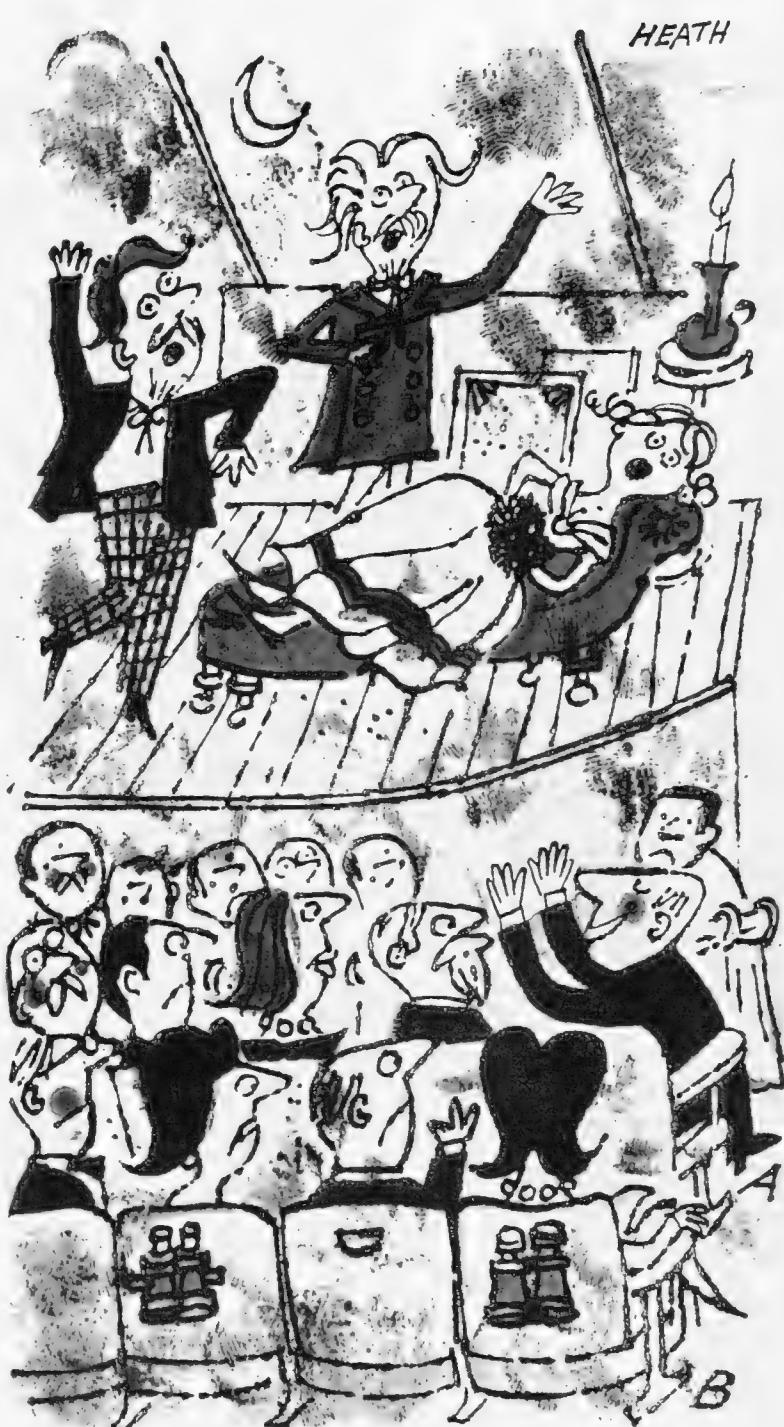
A subtle way of revealing yourself without ostentation as a clever opera-goer is to respond noticeably in correct places, especially if the performance is in a foreign language. This means a little research into Kobbé, but is worth it for the effect of a sharp intake of breath when Tosca asks: "Quanto?" of the evil Scarpia, or a nicely controlled sigh when the Count in *Figaro* pleads: "Perdono!" Never be trapped into responding to visual foolery on the stage, and pay rapt attention to those interminable conversations at the bottom of the Rhine. In any opera after Mozart you must not applaud individual numbers, and flare your nostrils at those who do.

Sadler's Wells presents special problems. The complete opera-goer must display some knowledge of the house which will stand him in good stead when it is merged into the morass of cross-purposes on the South Bank. To many people the Wells is *a way of life*, which can be tiresome. Like being the odd man out at a family reunion. During the intervals the audience runs around flinging the Christian names of the performers (and occasionally the back stage staff) at each other. Retaliate with a dignified aloofness implying that it is the opera that is all-important to you. Or be heard muttering about a divine opera house you discovered in a remote German provincial town. Only trek out to Islington for the really extraordinary things, no matter how bizarre they seem. You will be repaid in time; people are still talking about Shuard in *The Consul* to the chagrin of those who didn't bother.

If you cannot resist the Wells's splendid performances of repertory but un-smart works like *Carmen* and *Il Trovatore*, be intense about it, saying that you just *had* to see *Rigoletto* properly without all the fancy trimmings. . . . And if you find their light operas irresistible, be madly self-conscious about them saying that George thought it would be a lark, or Reggie was tickled to death. And, having settled down to *Orpheus In The Underworld*, for goodness sake don't applaud the entry of the leading lady whispering: "That's June Bronhill," as though it were Dorothy Ward in *Dick Whittington*. A drawback to full appreciation at Sadler's Wells is that performances are invariably in English. You could criticize the modern translation (especially in Janacek and Bartok), and be disappointed they are not using the Rev. Troutbeck's efforts with their strained English and improbable rhymes.

Two final points: take some sort of position in the current musical versus opera controversy and rehearse phrases; e.g.: "What Mozart did for Vienna, Bernstein is doing for New York," or: "Is the entertainment value of *Rheingold* so much less than that of *Bye Bye Birdie*?" And never be seen clutching a score. You might be taken for a critic, a student or a snob. In any case it's awkward when the opera ends four pages before you do.

BY J. ROGER BAKER: DRAWINGS BY MICHAEL HEATH



LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROMANO CAGNONI

Some of the people sleep some of the time. A few more still try to keep yesterday going. The rest are actively preparing tomorrow because no great city ever completely closes its eyes — it can't afford to



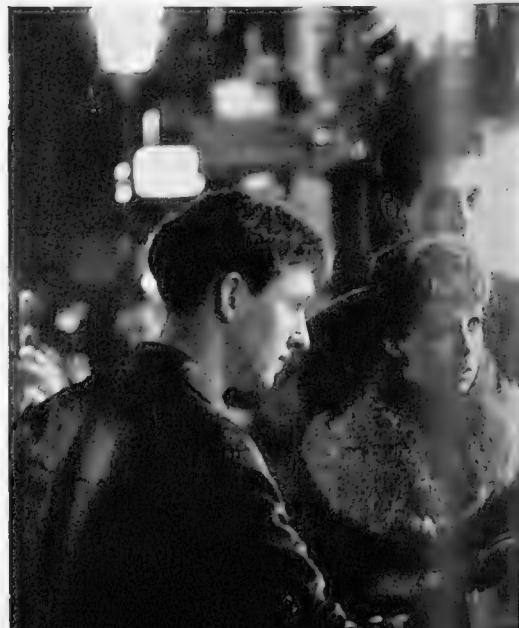
On the twelfth stroke in Piccadilly (above) the hunt begins for a cruising taxi. Around the corner in Shaftesbury Avenue (left) the last barrel organ prepares to move homeward. But the party continues at the Society Restaurant (far left) with a song from Maggie Sarragne and there's life too *chez* Hélène Cordet (top) at her French Club, No. 6, Hamilton Place

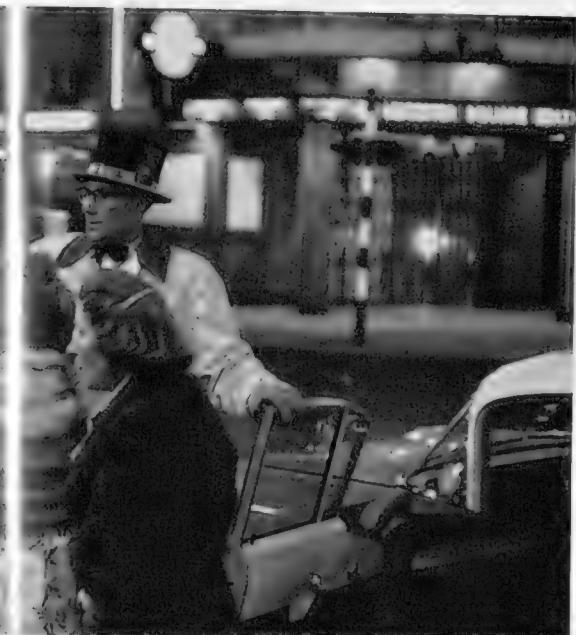


Any time after midnight—a view through the window of a grill in Leicester Square that stays open until dawn



Meditation (above) in a Soho coffee lounge and (left) just steam in the all-night Savoy Turkish Bath





Entertainment to come (above) for all-night queuers outside the ticket office at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and (left) entertainment past for late-nighters leaving the Talk of the Town

After-midnight dancing packs in the students (below left) at the Whisky-a-Go-go in Wardour Street, and in Chelsea there's more coffee and more talk at the Café des Artistes (below) where a wall tablet optimistically requests the patrons in a dozen languages not to make too much noise after twelve



The first fish train arrives from Fleetwood at Broad Street Station (below)—100 men on the night shift and a dozen trains to unload between midnight and dawn. At King's Cross Underground Station (right) the "fluffers" begin work, advance guard of an army of cleaners who comb the system clean before the morning trains begin to run



St. Pancras waiting room in the small hours. Some read, most doze, but in accepted rail travel tradition nobody talks



The bars and the clubs have all closed long since but there's always coffee for comfort through the dark hours—the place, a café in Seven Dials



LORD KILBRACKEN

Topsy

and the treasure

AS ALWAYS SEEMS TO HAPPEN EVERY YEAR OR SO, I HAD THE good luck to run into Topsy last week. I've been running into Topsy at all-too-long intervals for over eight years now, whether in London or places like Antibes and Kitzbühel. I like running into Topsy and each of our meetings manages to be memorable in some way or another. But it was our first, in the high summer of 1953, which was the most remarkable, and led to the strangest coincidence in my life of coincidences.

I was involved that summer in one of my inquiries into the circumstances, whereabouts, possible recovery, and so forth, of the Rommel Treasure, which is now just about as hardy an annual in my year's activities as is Topsy herself. I had heard the first whisper of its supposed existence when in Corsica two years earlier, and have been intermittently on its trail ever since (and still am). It comprises the accumulated loot of Rommel's armies in North Africa, and is believed to have been dumped in the sea off Bastia in 1943. In view of the fact that it is supposed to be worth a little matter of £35 million, it was (and is) of quite considerable interest to me.

Now it had come to my knowledge that a search for the Treasure was being planned by a shadowy figure, straight out of Ian Fleming, whose name—*really*—was Mr. Helle. It is one of the Treasure's attributes that a jinx surrounds it. Those who presume to search for it tend to come to sticky ends or, at the very least, their expeditions end in disaster or failure. Only last month, a young French skin-diver rashly announced that he had actually succeeded in locating the loot. They took his corpse, riddled with bullets, out of the *maquis* next evening. Mr. Helle, I knew, had already tried twice to beat the jinx. In 1951 he chartered a British vessel, the Starlena, to go in search of it with a team of divers. A little hour, however, before they should have sailed from Bastia to start diving operations, the Starlena was involved (by a strange coincidence, of course) in a collision with a packet-boat, the Sampiero Corso. Six months in dry dock, and the abandonment of the venture, was the net result. Mr. Helle tried again in 1952: he

chartered another British vessel, the Romany Maid, and sailed once more for Bastia. But the jinx got the Romany before she even reached Corsica—the engines seized or something—and again Mr. Helle was boatless.

Now, rumour had it, he was going to try once more, again using the Romany, and I wanted to sail with him if this was conceivably possible. But first I had to find him, and Mr. Helle, as it happens, is never an easy man to find. So I began by seeking the Romany, and was fortunate enough to locate her in only the fourth harbour I tried—after Cannes, Monte Carlo, Nice. She was swinging at anchor, deserted and crewless, in the old harbour at Villefranche. A notice on her gangway said: "S'adresser à Josef, s.v.p.," but of Josef there was no sign, and no one on the waterfront seemed to know of his existence. I therefore started looking for the Romany's owner, whom I knew to be a retired British naval officer, by name Commander Pears. I sought him, or news of him, in all the expected places, from the Club Nautique in Villefranche to the Ruhl in Nice, by way of the Tip-Top in Monte Carlo and *all* the Whisky-a-Gogos. I must have spent weeks on the complex trail of the Commander (and/or Josef) but without the smallest success. And then I gave it up, and went to Italy for a holiday.

On a violet evening a week later, I was driving along the coast road from Portofino to my hotel in San Michele when I rounded a corner and found myself confronted by the loveliest hitch-hiker I have ever, in my long experience, seen on a roadside. Very, very young, she had long brown legs, and long yellow hair, and a melting smile, and a Botticelli face, not to mention a completely unnecessary outstretched thumb, for I'd have stopped anyway. Was I, this angel inquired, going to Rapallo? I was, I replied, which was *nearly* truthful. So she climbed into my car (and thus into my life) and told me she was Topsy, as the perceptive reader may have guessed already.

Before I deposited her in Rapallo, Topsy had informed me that, if I ever found myself in Portofino, she was usually in the *piazza* at the hour of the *aperitivo*. By another of those coincidences, I found myself in the *piazza* at the hour of the *aperitivo* next day. And there, sure enough, was Topsy—at a table with her mother; and if you think her mother's presence was the smallest disappointment, you couldn't be more mistaken. "This is my mother, Mrs. Pears," she said. Topsy, by all that's holy, was the daughter of the Commander I'd been seeking all summer.

So, after all, I got the facts I needed. But the Rommel jinx, I found, still held powerful sway. Owing to certain legal difficulties, which I need not here detail, the Romany was unable to leave Villefranche, and Mr. Helle's expedition had again to be cancelled. And no one, by the way, has been able to mount one since, though I've plans for next year. In 1954, Topsy hitch-hiked to Gibraltar. In 1955, Topsy hitch-hiked to Istanbul. Our lives kept linking as we hitch-hiked our ways through them. We met from time to time on white Austrian mountains, or in blue villages of the Midi, or even beside the Serpentine on grey Sunday mornings. Then Topsy wandered off to Rome, and there wandered into Schuberth's (having nothing better to do), and became, for the heck of it, his top girl for a season or two. And then, this month, she wandered Londonwards.

Odd, isn't it, that we met within a week? But these strange coincidences just will keep happening.



WATCH NEWS

From the present International Watch & Jewellery Fair, half a dozen outstanding timepieces. For women, emphasis is more on the accompanying bracelet; some glittering examples were flown in from the finest Swiss firms. For men, the theme of thinness and automation continues.



Vacheron et Constantin's evening watch for men; 18-carat white gold on a white gold mesh bracelet; diamond-set bezel; the thinnest watch in the world. Imported by Elco Clocks & Watches. £800. Range of Vacheron et Constantine's watches at Watches of Switzerland

Diamonds halo the watch dial, baguette diamonds form the snake bracelet of this Rolex special Precision watch. £2,295 from Watches of Switzerland



Far left: Piaget's hand-made bracelet watch in matt finished 18-carat gold. £419 at Garrard's, Regent Street

Audemars Piguet offer an Italian-inspired bracelet watch of graduated coils in matt finished 18-carat gold. Watch is beneath the bracelet centre. Imported by the Hatton Jewellery & Watch Co., £450

Memovox Automatic Calendar watch; movement and calendar entirely automatic; also an alarm. Shock-protected, waterproof; in steel (here) or 18-carat gold. From Jaeger-le-Coultre. £44 (gold, £95 5s.) at Tyme, New Bond Street



Cyma's Autoroter. Man's model in stainless steel (or 18-carat gold), shock and water proof, automatic calendar included. In steel, £37. Crocodile strap optional. From Watches of Switzerland and leading jewellers

YES?

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

A Whistle In The Dark. Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. (Patrick Magee, Michael Craig, Dorothy Bromiley.)

Stratford after Littlewood

THE PLAY CHOSEN TO REOPEN THE THEATRE ROYAL AT STRATFORD, E., which has been dark since the departure of Miss Joan Littlewood, may not be in the final reckoning a good play, but at least it brings to life characters which are extraordinarily hard to forget. Six of them are brutes, one is a coward and the other is a bewildered girl. Together they force on us a commentary on human nature so appalling that while the story in which they are involved holds the stage—that is to say, for two out of the three acts—we have constantly to remind ourselves in sheer shelf-defence that **A Whistle in the Dark** is dealing after all with a single family and that all families are not like the Fighting Carneys. But so vividly does Mr. Thomas Murphy depict this isolated group that when in the last act he lets his story slip into unconvincing melodrama, we are half-inclined to welcome the lapse. At least it relieves us of the necessity of any longer believing in characters so steeped in violence.

The coward is an honest young Irish worker married to a Coventry girl. His oafish brothers have moved in on his home, and he is too much afraid of a family gang to which he has never belonged to offer his wife any sort of protection from them. A fight with some other ruffianly immigrant gang down the street is planned, and as they get ready their knuckledusters, broken bottles, bicycle chains and razors they always find time to make it clear to their weakling brother that, though it is his plain duty to fight with the family, they know that he hasn't the guts to do his duty.

What is so terrifying about this band of thugs is that they are obviously incapable of any sort of human reasoning. Their talk consists of assertions, jeering, angry, mostly moronic, and no answer is possible because the dissenter is promptly bawled out, and we realize that these people are hardly any different from savage Alsatian dogs who settle all problems with their teeth.

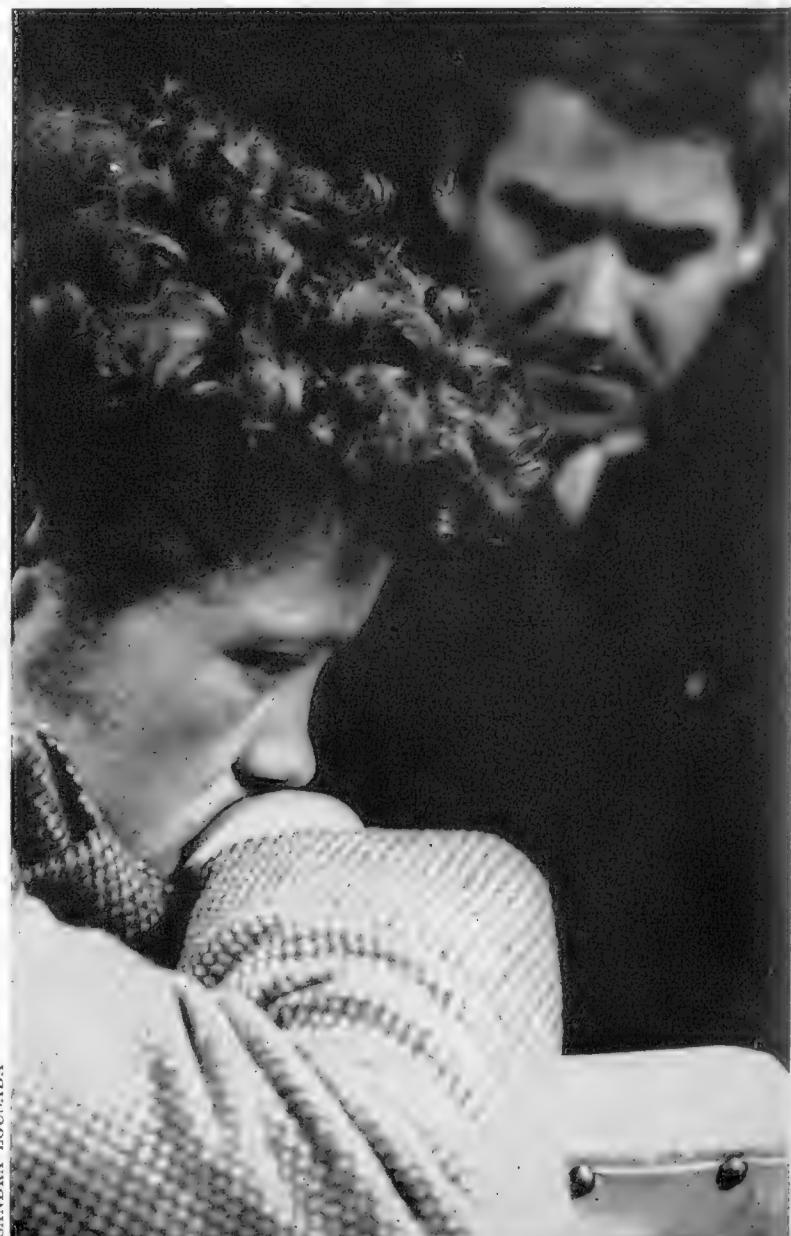
How have they come to be like this? The explanation is given by the arrival of the father who has come from Ireland to rally the Carneys to battle against the Mulryans. In him the moronic stupidity of the sons is articulate. He is the barside type of whisky-swilling rhetorician who can talk the hind legs off a donkey and evade contradiction by starting a new subject with a burst of fresh rhetoric. He is essentially a fool and a brute, but he has a talent for getting his own way, and the sons whom he has brought up to make the name of Carney a name of terror are curiously subservient to his whims. They are dogs who have never questioned the godlike character of their trainer. Out of their casual filchings they contribute to a pile of notes. The old man will need some whisky money for his stay. It is the only kindly thing that we see them do.

When Carney hears that the son who is his host has no intention of joining the gang fight he is inordinately angry and orders the betrayer of family honour to his bed. The culprit refuses to be treated like a small boy, but when his father takes off his belt and his brothers crowd

round him he thinks better of his refusal and, despite the protests of his wife, is hustled upstairs. We suspect that the old man himself has no intention of meeting the formidable Mulryans, and so it proves. He goes off to spend his whisky money, and his fighting sons make little or no comment on his promise that he will be on the scene in time. But the desperate wife urges her pusillanimous husband to go after his brothers and fight by their side. She can think of no other way by which he can gain their respect and so make this home a less hellish place for her to live in. He is unwilling, but he goes, and up to this point the story has maintained a high degree of suspense.

But with the fall of the curtain on the second act it gradually disintegrates. What we want to see is the realization by the savage sons that their father is a phoney and how they will react to an idea completely new to them. What we in fact see is the worm who turns too late and is left to face a murder charge, with the old man triumphant in his wickedness. Mr. Patrick Magee puts up an impressive performance as the braggart who has trained up a family to fight his battles, and all the toughs are convincingly played, especially the one who has a dim inkling that educated people have an advantage over him and is made the more savage by his sense of inferiority. Mr. Derren Nesbitt gives this creature a really sinister quality. Miss Dorothy Bromiley is good as the wife on whom no one, not even her husband, has any mercy. The weakness of the play is that the predicament of the cowardly husband, well as Mr. Michael Craig copes with his complex emotions, stirs insufficient pity.

Des, youngest of the fighting Carneys (Dudley Sutton), is unreceptive as his peace-loving brother (Michael Craig), whose home in the Midlands he has invaded, tries to reform him by argument in A Whistle In The Dark



SANDRA LOUSSADA

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

Fanny. Director Joshua Logan. (Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Horst Buchholz.)

A Taste Of Honey. Director Tony Richardson. (Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Murray Melvin.)

Volcano. Director Haroun Tazieff.

Les Jeux De L'Amour. Director Philippe de Broca. (Genevieve Cluny, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean-Louis Maury.)

Three into one won't go

THOUGH Mlle. LESLIE CARON PLAYS THE TITLE ROLE IN *Fanny* most appealingly, Mr. Jack Cardiff's superb photography makes Marseilles the real star of the film—and rightly so, it seems to me, for it is the port alone that retains the authentic atmosphere of M. Marcel Pagnol's *Marius*, *Fanny* and *César*. Mr. Joshua Logan has telescoped the famous trilogy, Americanized and deodorized it; the beguiling accent of the Midi no longer charms the ear, the waterfront tang of tar and fish and garlic no longer fills the nostrils. The consoling factor is visual beauty: the film is undeniably lovely to look at and it would be churlish not to be grateful for that.

The story dutifully enough follows M. Pagnol's in broad outline, without ever quite catching it up in character detail. Fanny, the fishmonger's daughter, is loved and left by Marius (Herr Horst Buchholz), son of gruff César (M. Charles Boyer), who owns a waterfront bistro. It's the call of the sea and the dream of seeing "the isles beneath the wind" that lure Marius away. Finding herself pregnant, Fanny marries Panisse (M. Maurice Chevalier), the old sailmaker, who is delighted at the prospect of being presented with an heir—ready-made, as it were. Both he and César know that Marius is the real father—and César, full of Provençal family feeling, is hopping mad that he can't officially figure as the grandpapa.

The child, a boy, is born to great rejoicing. Up goes the sign "Panisse & Son" over the sailmaker's shop and César gracefully resigns himself to being his grandson's godfather. Back to claim Fanny comes the disillusioned Marius—the sea gave him nothing but thoughts of home, the isles beneath the wind were mere heaps of volcanic dust—but Fanny, though sorely tempted to return to the only man she has ever loved, remains true to old Panisse until his death. As his dying wish is that Marius should marry Fanny—"our boy should have a father, even if it's his own"—there's a hint of "happy ever after" in the ending.

The film is as glamorous and unrealistic as a musical—which, in fact, I had half expected it to be—and the characters have taken on a sophistication foreign to the original. I mean, when Charpin played Panisse it was easy to believe that all his life he had been bossed about by his old friend César, as played by the unforgettable Raimu—but it's very hard to imagine that M. Chevalier was ever under the thumb of M. Boyer.

Mr. Tony Richardson, producing and directing *A Taste Of Honey*, has not attempted to glamorize Miss Shelagh Delaney's play, but in taking it out of its stage confines—a single set reeking of squalor—he has given it a spacious background, curiously beautiful in a grim grey way, which (to me, at least) diminishes the anguish. The claustrophobia, the pent-up-in-ugliness feeling so present in the play, has gone. All the same, Mr. Richardson can scarcely be faulted on cinematic values: he has made a *film*—he hasn't filmed a play—and as a film it stands up well to the best of the contemporary cinema can offer. Miss Rita Tushingham, with her wide, clown's mouth, and eyes as sad or mischievous as an intelligent monkey's, gives a quite extraordinarily moving performance as Jo—the Lancashire teenager whose feckless, good-time mother (Miss Dora Bryan in fine form) goes off with a new, loud-mouthed boyfriend (Mr. Robert Stephens) at a moment when the girl, just finished with school, is most in need of love and guidance. Lost and lonely, Jo has a brief affair with a coloured sailor (sympathetically played by Mr. Paul Danquah).

It isn't until he has shipped away again, far out of reach, that she realizes she is going to have a baby. She gets herself a job in a shoe-shop, she rents herself a rickety-looking 30-bob-a-week-room, with a fair show



*A whirl among the antiques for Victor & Suzanne (Jean-Pierre Cassel & Genevieve Cluny) in the lighthearted *Les Jeux De L'Amour*. Suzanne is the shop's owner, and Victor her eccentric fiancé*

of north country toughness. But, after all, she's only a child and she's afraid of the ordeal to come—so she welcomes it when a young fellow she has met at the shoe-shop moves in to share her room and sympathize with her plight.

He is a homosexual, affectionate and home-loving (and most poignantly played by Mr. Murray Melvin)—and with him Jo has a happy and ordered life. He cooks and cleans, makes curtains and lamp-shades, cuts out baby clothes, braves the steely-eyed "matrons in waiting" at a welfare clinic to get for Jo pamphlets on baby-care. The idyll is abruptly broken. Miss Bryan, discarded by Mr. Stephens, returns to her daughter. She is not a bad sort, and having had an illegitimate child herself, she doesn't take a stern view of the situation that confronts her—but Mr. Melvin she can't be doing with. He will have to go. He does—with a frozen dignity that makes him unexpectedly the most tragic figure in the film.

Miss Tushingham, a complete newcomer, would appear to be the very thing for these short-cut times—an instant actress: this is her first screen role. In it she is called upon to convey the fleeting moods and tangled emotions of a bewildered adolescent—and she does so with a spontaneity which is quite wonderful.

M. Haroun Tazieff's splendid documentary, *Volcano*, is a powerful reminder that there's really no need for man to blow the world to smithereens: Nature could do it for him. Under our feet, some 26 miles down, boils the mass of sulphurous matter that from time to time, where the earth's crust is weakest, throws up mountains, blows off their tops with an explosion that beats the atom bomb and pours down in a red-hot torrent of destruction over the surrounding land. There is a terrible beauty about the 28 volcanoes which the intrepid M. Tazieff here explores—and I don't know when I have ever been so filled with awe in the cinema.

For its lightness of touch and charming insouciance, I can warmly recommend M. Philippe de Broca's little comedy, *Les Jeux De L'Amour*—in which Mlle. Genevieve Cluny, owner of a small but enchanting

antique shop, decides that if her lover (the delightfully dotty M. Jean-Pierre Cassel) will not give her a baby, she will have one by the dull young man (M. Jean-Louis Maury) from across the way. All very Gallie, graceful and gay.

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

A Pride Of Lions, by Monica Stirling. (Collins, 28s.)
Leaves From A Journal, by Queen Victoria. (Deutsch, 21s.)
Perspectives, by Bernardine Bishop. (Hutchinson New Authors, 15s.)
The Crystal Gazers, by Sylvia Clayton. (Faber, 15s.)
The Light Princess, by George MacDonald. (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.)

Pride of the lions

UNREASONABLY, ONE HAS THE PREJUDICED NOTION THAT ALL MOTHERS of great men must be either sacred monsters, twice life size, or dear little mousey nonentities creeping humbly about and ministering to the great one's every whim. "Madame Mère," the mother of Napoleon Buonaparte, appears to have been neither, but an astonishing lady of tremendous stature matching her son's, and an estimable mother into the bargain. Monica Stirling, a novelist whose only earlier biography was a study of Ouida, has written a portrait of Napoleon's mother, Letizia Buonaparte, called **A Pride Of Lions**, that is tremendously readable and understandably wholly sympathetic towards the beautiful Corsican. Married at 13, widowed at 34, she had eight children, met Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette at Versailles, and when Napoleon, at the age of nine, left Corsica, his mother's one word to him was "Coraggio."

When he planned the escape from Elba, he walked at night in the garden of the pretty villa with its *trompe l'oeil* murals and true love knots on the ceilings, and planned to ask his mother's opinion of his intended coup. (Naturally and typically, she replied, "Go, my son, fulfil your destiny, you were not made to die on this island.") She was tough and brave and to the end of her days thoroughly Corsican, and could write briskly—in Italian—to her most difficult and devoted darling, "You are my favourite son, but if ever I get another such letter from you, I shall wash my hands of Napoleon." When he became great and powerful beyond dreams, Letizia commented with tragic foresight "*Pourvu que ça dure.*"

She grew old in her sorrows with stoic endurance and amazing strength, her huge black eyes, arched brows and long delicate nose growing more and more like the pale features that Napoleon printed on the world's memory. Naturally, my hero, "*Napoléon éblouissant et sombre*," utterly dominates the book—Miss Stirling doesn't put up even a token show of resistance—but it says a lot for Madame Mère that she is far from wholly obliterated. In old age her face was said to look like "a medallion of a Roman empress," and her character was made magnificently to match. Anyone buying this book under the impression it is about Elsa will, I hope, stay to cheer at the end.

The Emperor's shadow is still with us in **Leaves From A Journal**. The journal is Queen Victoria's, the events described are the State visit to England of Napoleon's nephew, Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, and the return visit to Paris made by Victoria, Albert and a selection of royal children. During the return match, Victoria visited the tomb at Les Invalides by torchlight, had a "nice *verträgliches* little dinner with the Emperor," and visited the Opera Comique to round off the evening. The Queen's style is as cosy and domesticated as one has come to expect (those who are not "poor," such as Marie Antoinette, are more often than not "dear") but I must own I felt a pang of disappointment that this particular journal has not quite the magnificent flow of inconsequence and noble bathos, the eloquent superlatives, the underlinings and the general air of breathless haste that made Victoria the most flustered Monarch in print (bar the White Queen), that one had hoped for after the mad delight of **Leaves From Our Journal In The Highlands**. (Even Sir Max Beerbohm's adorable and daintily unkind parodies barely surpass the exquisite funniness of the original.)

Briefly . . . Every time a novel comes out by a very young writer, I hope, in a soppy sort of way, that it will be full of warmth and wit and affection for people and will in some remarkable way tell me something I can believe in about what it is like to be 21 years old at this precise moment. Bernardine Bishop was 21 when she wrote her first novel, and the fact that she began **Perspectives**, finished it, and saw it published is in itself already something—many a 21-year-old begins a novel, but few ever reach the end. The book is, I think, a satire on a group of not particularly appealing people working on a little magazine called *Perspectives* and Mrs. Bishop has some clear-eyed, pussycat angles on young women planning marriage and delightedly watching their own reactions.

The blurb on the jacket calls the book neat and elegant, and I think it's probably right—and truly it is not my business to wish that at 21 (if never again) a writer might be slapdash, funny, excessive, self-indulgent, tender-hearted, dashing; but neat and elegant . . . they sound like the words one associates with *Vogue's* Mrs. Exeter, and by now she's no chicken. . . . **The Crystal Gazers**, by Sylvia Clayton, is a first novel and yet another book about a mental hospital and a young patient who has a brief unsatisfactory love affair while undergoing treatment. By now I feel there is surely little I don't know about how one comes round after an insulin coma, and though the subject has a fascination all its own, to be sure, I am beginning to feel my interest in it is possibly finite. . . .

And lastly, my treasure of the week—**The Light Princess** by George MacDonald. This magic and entirely unforgettable long fairy story was part of my childhood, and having lost my own copy I have for years laid plans to steal one from other nursery shelves. This is that same George MacDonald who wrote the marvellous and also fairly nightmarish *The Princess & the Goblin* and *The Princess & Curdie*—strictly, I think, for older children. This volume has seven other stories (including the ravishing *Little Daylight*, about a princess who waxes and wanes with the moon), the original illustrations, and what more one could want for the price I can't imagine. For anyone who knows these stories already and has half-forgotten them, this book would be the sort of present one dreams about.

RECORDS

Spike Hughes

Das Lied von der Erde, by Mahler.
Ernani, by Cetra.
William Tell, by Rossini.

The penny took 10 years to drop

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE LP THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANIES DELETED the 78s from their catalogues like mad. Then, when they'd recorded on LP new performances of everything that had been so much better played and sung on 78s, they started to cut out the LPs. Not from any sense of artistic shame, but because some new technical marvel, of immense importance to the prestige of the engineers but of no great urgency to the average musical listener, had made those LPs obsolete. At last, after 10 years or so, it began to dawn on the gramophone companies that perhaps they had been over-hasty; that the 78s made by Kreisler, Rachmaninoff, Caruso and Toscanini had something about them that no amount of hi-fi-gimmickry could replace. They became, in fact, the Irreplaceables and their classic 78s were transferred to LP for all to hear in that physical comfort which is one of the major blessings of the long-playing system. Now it has been discovered that some of those early LPs had some historical significance too; so they are being reissued in their turn and repackaged, as it were, in more convenient forms.

One of the real Irreplaceables, we are now realizing, is Kathleen Ferrier. Ten years ago, two years before her tragically early death, she recorded the contralto part in Mahler's symphony **Das Lied von der Erde** (*The Song of the Earth*), a uniquely historic performance conducted

by Bruno Walter who has remained the work's master-interpreter ever since he conducted its première in 1911. Decca have recently made this 1951 recording fit on to two sides (LXT 5576) where three were required when it was first released. It still remains the outstanding recorded performance of the symphony, though four new versions have appeared since then. One of them is another conducted by Bruno Walter; but it hasn't got Kathleen Ferrier in it, and that is what makes all the difference.

Mahler is very much the fashion at the present time, but while I have never cared to follow this particular mob I will admit that I have always found *Das Lied von der Erde* more immediately approachable and sympathetic than anything else he wrote—and in this Decca version, especially so.

Now is very much the time for all good opera-lovers to be going to the aid of the annual party which is the Wexford Festival, and there catching up with their unfamiliar Verdi. This week they have been staging *Ernani* in their newly done-up old Theatre Royal, with an advertised starting time of 8.30 p.m., a highly civilized hour which does credit to my fellow countrymen (who, if I know them, will take at least another civilized half-hour after that to get the curtain up). If you can't get to Wexford, or if you've been there and would like to go on listening to a wonderfully romantic opera full of conspirators, outlawed dukes, chivalry, revenge, off-stage hunting horns, and a string of exciting tunes and stirring situations, then Cetra's recording of *Ernani* (LPC 1210—three records) can compensate for what you may have missed, or remind you of what you have heard. *Ernani* is one of those early, white-hot and endearing operas of Verdi that one loves as much for their faults as their virtues.

On Monday the Welsh National Opera Company start their season at Cardiff and continue their enterprising pastime of the Joneses keeping up with the Cetra record catalogue. After Verdi's *Nabucco*, *Lombardi* and *La Battaglia di Legnano*, the Welsh are tackling Rossini's *William Tell*, which was revived by a visiting Italian company at Drury Lane three years ago, but otherwise hasn't been heard in these islands at all for 60 years. Covent Garden hasn't staged it for nearly 80 years now. The Welsh production is the first in English for more than a century, for all anybody seems to know. Not that the Cetra recording in Italian (OLPC 1232—four records) is in the original language of the opera either, for Rossini wrote *William Tell* as "Guillaume Tell" for the Paris Opera.

It is one of those operas that one always reads so much about and hears so little of in public that to have anything approaching a complete recording of it at all is a great relief. The Cetra recording is probably as complete as one is ever likely to get; in its original form Rossini's opera ran for the best part of five hours, an endurance of truly Wagnerian proportions. The Italian performance has its weak spots, but not enough to prevent me, at any rate, enjoying a fascinating opera which I hope the Welsh will take around these islands for many years.

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

Max Ernst, Tate Gallery.

Brass-rubbers, take heart

AS I WRITE I HAVE IN FRONT OF ME A PIECE OF PAPER UPON WHICH ARE four impressions of a half-crown made by placing the coin under the paper and then rubbing the surface with a pencil. They are not particularly well done. Certainly no better than the same sort of thing that you or I made when we were children. The only special thing about them is that they were made by Max Ernst, whose big retrospective exhibition organized by the Arts Council is at the Tate until October 15. They were made while he was in front of the television cameras to demonstrate to viewers what was meant by "frottage." The early use of this childish pastime as a fruitful stimulus to the imagination and its later development into a complicated and dramatically effective painting technique are the hallmarks of Ernst's genius, his most important contributions to the evolution of modern art.

In reviewing this show several critics have tended to belittle his achievement. One even goes so far as to say, "His original contribution turns out to be a tawdry little thing." It was to the last generation of such critics that Sir Herbert Read referred when he wrote 30 years ago: "... too occupied with the mysterious content of paintings such as Max Ernst's, [they] do not stop to consider their aesthetic merits, and condemn them outright as being psychology or literature, anything but painting. Thereby such critics reveal their limitations for, if for a moment they would forget the symbolism, they would discover (granted an unprejudiced sensibility) an endless charm in the colour and texture of the actual painting." Inevitably, after nearly 40 years, the shock value of the content of surrealist painting has diminished. Confronted almost every day with elements of surrealism in advertising, theatre, films, television, we are unaffected by "the most shocking and awe-inspiring encounters between contrary images—juxtapositions as beautiful as the unexpected meeting, on a dissecting table, of a sewing machine and an umbrella." So it is hardly surprising if many of the early Ernsts now seem damp squibs. Perhaps they were never more than pimples in a rash of revolt, but they did play a part, albeit a small one, in determining the course that contemporary art is now taking.

It seemed to me, as I went round the Tate exhibition, that I could best get the measure of Ernst by concentrating on those pictures in which may be traced the development of *frottage* from the first tentative rubbings in black lead to its masterly use as an oil-painting method in the series of pictures of which the culmination was the large canvas, *The entire city*, painted in 1936. Look first at the pencil *frottages* (Nos. 49 to 55) in which rubbings of pieces of vegetable matter—leaves, horse-

tomorrow's eye make-up
"OMBRE-MAT"
 a compressed powder
 shadow
 together with the
EYE SHADOW STICK
 and
LIQUID EYE-LID LINER

LANCÔME

WD

chestnut shells &c.—have been cleverly combined to create pictures of imaginary insects, animals, fish. See next the canvas *100,000 Doves*, one of the first oil-paint *frottages*, and then follow the elaboration of the method through such pictures as *Grey forest* and *The great forest* to *The petrified city*. To me this last canvas is the most fascinating in the show. Far more so than the elaborately worked up large picture *The entire city*, for which it was a preliminary study.

Frequently I found myself baffled in attempting to determine how Ernst had applied his pigment, but the artist himself confirmed my guess that the extraordinary impression of a hanging city all lit up, in *The petrified city*, was simply the result of a “rubbing” of a waffle-patterned textile printing block. The picture’s power comes from its simplicity, from the artist’s strength of will in leaving it alone at exactly the right stage. Unfortunately, when he came to paint the bigger picture he could not resist the temptation to gild the city, to add trivial little phantom figures to its walls and fill the foreground with old-fashioned surrealist vegetation.

Among the artist’s later works only the 6 ft. by 12 ft. *A moment of calm*, painted in 1939 and added to after the war, seems to me to surpass the achievement of *The petrified city*. Here, if nowhere else, is convincing proof that Ernst is a painter in the most basic sense, a paint-handler with a feeling for, and understanding of, the medium as matter, a feeling alien to surrealist theory. The method known as *decalcomania* (pressing the wet paint after it is on the canvas) by which he produced many weird pictures between 1940 and 1950, lent itself readily to his weakness for over-elaboration. Landscapes composed of apparently decomposing matter, from which eyes look out and in which slug-like monsters stir, put the surrealist clock back to the period of Dali’s “paranoiac critical activity”—melting watches, rotting corpses and all. But Ernst has moved on in the last decade and now, at 70, is exploring new worlds, finding new images and still holding his place in the foremost rank of the world’s artists.

DINING IN

Helen Burke

A hanging matter

PHEASANTS WILL BE WITH US AGAIN NEXT WEEK AND, FROM SEVEN to 10 days later, we can expect to have prime young birds with the game flavour well developed. You need not worry about the age of the birds and the time they have been hung if you deal with a reliable poulterer. The question of hanging only arises when one receives a brace from a sportsman friend. One of the oldest and surest ways of knowing when the point of essential gaminess has been reached is to hang the bird by its tail feathers and, when it drops off them, it is just right—that is, for those who like it pretty high. How do you know the age of a pheasant? Well, this year’s birds will have pointed wing-end feathers and the bone at the stern end will not be hard. The shortness and roundness of the spurs also denote a young bird.

The first bird of the season should, after being plucked and drawn, certainly be roasted. A brace of pheasants will serve four people with breast meat, leaving the legs and those lovely fillets in the back for a cold dish next day. A splendid cook I once knew always stuffed her pheasants with sliced raw potatoes to keep it moist, together with a good piece of butter, seasoned with salt and freshly-milled pepper. Well butter the whole of the bird, then tie a strip of pork fat over the breast. Place the bird breast downwards on a poultry rack in the baking tin, and cook it for 15 minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7). Reduce the heat to 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4 and cook for a further 15 minutes, basting the bird four times in these periods. Remove the pork fat, sprinkle the bird with flour, baste it again and finish the cooking, giving 40 to 45 minutes in all.

With pheasant, serve soft and creamy bread sauce, well flavoured with mace or nutmeg, coarse breadcrumbs fried in butter and a clear gravy made from the stock from the giblets which have been simmered with an onion, a carrot and a *bouquet garni*, well covered with water and



NEWELL SMITH

Anna Meyrson, abstract artist whose sixth London exhibition is currently at the Hanover Gallery, was born in Austria and came to Britain in 1938. After the war she spent 10 years in Sicily, but now works in Chelsea. She aims at a fusion of painting and sculpture, as her metal reliefs show

a glass of dry white wine. All seasoned to taste, of course. Pour off the fat from the baking tin, add the strained stock and rub it around to remove the crustiness. I would say that almost the best of all vegetables to serve with pheasant is boiled Devonshire swede turnips, well drained and dried then mashed with butter and plenty of freshly-milled black pepper. Or have well mashed swedes and carrots, half-&-half. Tiny potatoes, too. Parboil them, drain and dry them in a linen cloth then add them to the baking tin, baste with the fat and let them complete their cooking.

A pleasant TERRINE OF PHEASANT can be made with the legs and other trimmings, especially if, as was the Victorian custom, roughly chopped leg beef was placed in the bird before it was baked—again to keep it moist. Here is what to do:

Buy a long pig’s foot—that is, one from a butcher who also has a delicatessen department where he sells sliced cold roast leg of pork. He will sell long pig’s feet—about 9 inches—and these make a stock that jells well. Thoroughly clean one. Put in a pan with a carrot, an onion, a clove, a *bouquet garni* and water to cover all and simmer, covered, until the meat falls from the bone. This means 3 to 4 hours’ gentle simmering. Half-way through the cooking, add the beef from the bird and the trimmings of the pheasant itself, all of them cut into fairly small pieces.

Remove the lid and continue to simmer until the liquid has been reduced by about three-quarters. After removing and chopping the meat from the pig’s foot, discard the bone, together with the *bouquet garni*, carrot, onion and clove. Turn the meats and stock into dishes—*soufflé* ones are particularly good—and when cold put in the refrigerator until required. Serve with salad as an hors d’oeuvre.

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PICTURE BY BARRY WARREN

CUPBOARD LOVE

21s. 6d. for the bottle on the top shelf and the reason you buy it is sheer cupboard love—in other words, what it's likely to do for you. Guerlain's Demaquillant Fluide makes removing make-up a smooth job; there's a moisturising ingredient added to leave skin dewy. Cupboard love again for the luxe feeling of taking a bath in water made frothy and milk-like with Estée Lauder's Creamy Milk Bath laced with her Youth Dew scent: 42s. Or, if you prefer it, there's the straight version of the Youth Dew bath oil. Cupboard loving: an opaline bottle (to fill with a favourite scent) patterned with gold and priced at £1 5s. from Halcyon Days, Brook Street, who have matching larger bottles and bowls. Fourth reason for making cupboard love—the seductive Southern scent of Carioca soap, impressively wrapped in sealing-wax red taffeta and sealed with black—8s. 6d., all in an exciting box from Galeries Lafayette. To take the beauty extras that clutter a bathroom—the spruce mixture of black cupboard and white door shown here. It costs £2 15s. from Liberty's Home Ideas Department. More cupboard loves: an Italian eyelash curler (8s. 6d.), a pair of gilt pliers studded with jewels (12s. 9d.), and a tall Italian pottery jar with a compartment for cotton wool below and one for after-bath liquids on top (35s. 9d.). All from Dickins & Jones

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PLUS ONE

*A last look at
the Paris
Collections*

BALENCIAGA AND GIVENCHY showing their Collections to the press as usual a month after the rest of Paris were joined this year by newcomer André Courrèges, who has branched out on his own after working for Balenciaga for 10 years. This season Givenchy marked time. Nothing he made in his last two collections will be outdated by his current designs. Courrèges is still an unknown quantity: though there was no invention of line in his collection, there was excellent cut, craftsmanship and colour, and it will probably take another couple of seasons to evaluate the promise of this most recent recruit to French couture.

Balenciaga continued to adapt his established silhouette. His skirts remain slim with only the slightest sign of a widened hemline, and often have flat broad panels in front. Many of his coats are nine-tenths in length, worn with a contrasting skirt or dress. His redingotes showed a highwaisted line which was followed through in his little black dresses in crêpe or chiffon. Many of these dresses, and the soft blouses worn with suits, have low cross-over backs and, while sleeveless, had the shoulders extended to form a covering for the top of the arm. Day dresses had soft kid sash belts, sometimes almost 4 inches wide, or tight fitted midriffs defined with two fine rouleaus 3 or 4 inches apart. The nine-tenths look was carried into short evening dresses of satin or brocade, with an overdress in a vibrant colour with fitted bodice and slight flaring skirt, the neck and hem trimmed with mink—worn over a slim black underskirt. Startling and fun were the brocade housecoats which looked like conventional dinner-dresses until one noticed that the skirt unbuttoned at the back to reveal skin-tight brocade pants.



Wool coat with large black overcheck reversing to black. The rounded raglan shoulders, nine-tenths hemline, the square "flat" look are all hallmarks of this Collection. The coat is worn over a sleeveless black wool dress. By Balenciaga

Gleaming gold brocade dress and jacket. The dress is sleeveless, and tie-belted with gold kid. Layered petals of black silk and tulle make the high hat. By Balenciaga

Short evening dress of fine black silk crêpe, the high-waisted front fullness caught with a brilliant jewel, the back falling into a low cowl. Hat of massed black veiling and black satin ribbon. This dress will be on sale at Liberty's. By Givenchy

Dress and jacket in brown and black silk cloqué. The fitted bodice of the dress is worn over a gently gathered skirt. Matching circular jacket is black-mink trimmed. The large hat is black velvet. By Givenchy

*Three
from
Courrèges*



Coat of double-sided cloth (tan reversing to white) featuring chopped-off sleeves, horizontal welt seaming, dropped shoulder line. The brimless hat is of black kid. This coat is being made by Wallis Shops and will be available from their branches at the end of the month

Heavy black and white houndstooth wool tweed suit belted with fine black calf. The body of the jacket is cut on the bias and set into a deep yoke cut on the straight of the material. The skirt is slightly gathered at the waist and tapers towards the hemline. The hat is of black calfskin

Two-piece street dress in heavy oatmeal jersey, the skirt with a long slim front panel. The top, loose at the back, fitted in front, is cut away to reveal a bow of fine nigger-brown suède

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THE LURE OF LEATHER

PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID OLINS

Black silk velour suède coat has slit pockets set into the low hip band. By Elma, at Fenwicks, W.1; Hammonds, Hull. 45 gns. Black mink hat faced with Koh-i-noor mink is by Christian Dior Chapeaux at Harrods; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. About 93 gns. Gloves by Miloré. Gilt bracelets, Dickins & Jones, 19s. 6d. each

Right: Tan Persian suède dress with a loose-fitting waist. The long bodice buttons from the collarless neck to the hip line. By Wallis Shops from their Marble Arch branch. £26 5s.

Far right: Shirtwaister dress in supple grey Spanish suède can be worn with or without its belt. It is lined throughout and imported from Spain by Bettina. At Woollands, S.W.1 only. 48 gns. (without the Azurine mink tie.)









Left: Black Spanish suède coat with a low waistline, widened hemline. By Paul Blanche at Harrods, S.W.1; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Evan Roberts, Cardiff. Approximately 50 gns. Hat of ranch mink mounted on jersey, by Christian Dior Chapeaux at Harrods; Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield. About 52½ gns. Gloves by Morley

Right: Black and tan trousers and shirt. The black Spanish suède pants are cut like jeans, with horizontal pockets back and front. The easy-fitting shirt is in soft pale tan suede. Both imported by Bettina, and from Woollands, S.W.1, only. Pants 25 gns. Shirt, 18 gns.





Left: Chocolate suede coat, edged with a narrow binding of oning leather. The wide collar is made of Azurine mink. Imported from Switzerland by Berg of Mayfair at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1, only. 160 gns. The beaver turban is by Christian Dior Chapeaux, at Dickins & Jones, W.1; McDonalds, Glasgow. 33 gns.

Above: Three-quarter length washable suede coat in soft lavender, with the collar and pocket flaps edged with white saddle-stitching. Can button to the neck. Made by Suèdecraft in England, and sold in their retail shops; Suèdecraft, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, and Edinburgh and Birmingham. 19 gns. Gloves by Morley



Above: Dark tan suede jacket with revers and pockets edged with cape leather. It has an inverted back pleat and a half-belt attached by two large buttons. By Koup Model, at Simpsons, Piccadilly; Renée Meneely, Belfast. About 33 gns. The wide gilt chainmail bracelet comes from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1. 5 gns.

MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

More attractive for the family

Above and top: the new Vauxhall Victors; lower, wider, more spacious



The Ford Consul Capri; unbroken space along the sides

THE AUTUMN SPATE OF NEW MODELS BRINGS GOOD NEWS FOR THE buyer who wants a car that is a little out of the ordinary but at a reasonable price. While the manufacturers cut their production costs by making one set of components do a variety of jobs, they are also finding ways to produce some attractive alternatives to the ordinary family saloon. Ford's new Capri based on the Classic 315 is a pretty, occasional four-seat coupé which should appeal to the type of person who has previously bought a Karmann Ghia Volkswagen or a Borgward Isabella coupé. Its light interior, with "white sequin" washable head lining and two-tone upholstery with bright metallic piping is attractive and with the side windows lowered there is an unbroken space along the sides. It has disc front brakes of course, and thanks to the low wind resistance of its sleek shape, the 1,340 c.c. engine is said to give it a maximum of about 80 m.p.h. A pity though that the front seats do not have adjustable backrests as some similar Continental cars do. The price is £915 12s. including tax.

A wide choice of models and equipment also tempts the buyer of Vauxhall's new Victor, which I have been testing on motorways and rough mountain roads. I view this as by far the best looking car that Vauxhall have produced since General Motors took over in the 20s. It has more head, leg and elbow room than the previous model, more glass area and a bigger luggage trunk, yet it weighs less and has a smaller frontal area, giving a lower wind resistance.

In engineering terms there are no surprises, for the mechanical design is based on that of the previous model, but intense development work has produced a car that is smoother, quieter and much nicer to drive. Buyers have the option of a three-speed gearbox with steering column lever or a four-speed box with short sports-type central lever. Each box has really efficient synchromesh on all speeds including first. The brakes are drums but they stood up to my severest fade tests without any loss of stopping power or any tendency to grab or judder.

It is much easier to get into the front seats as the dog-leg screen pillar has been abandoned and the doors open wide. Driving vision is much improved because there are now parallel-acting wiper blades that do not leave the unswept area in the centre of the screen that was such a nuisance on Victors with the old wrap-round windscreen. Pedals are well spaced and there is a treadle-type accelerator which should be easy to use in high-heeled shoes. A bench-type front seat is standard equipment but separate front seats are available on the more expensive models. There is the usual sliding adjustment and garages can quickly fit spacers which will change the height or slope.

There are five models, four of which are saloons. Lowest-priced is the basic saloon at £744 19s. 9d. including tax. Next comes the Victor Super with a horn ring and second visor, front door arm rests, and door-operated interior light. Then there is the Victor de luxe with a choice of 14 single or seven dual colour schemes, separate front seats, leather upholstery, heater and screen washer.

The Estate Car is in the same basic style, but with six side windows, a fold-flat rear seat and a counter-balanced lift-up rear door. This sells at £861 13s. 1d. The four-speed gearbox is £17 10s. extra on all models. The fifth model is the VX 4/90 sports saloon which will not be revealed until nearer the Motor Show. This is another of the specialized models I mentioned in the beginning. It will have a high performance engine and four-speed gearbox and I would not be surprised if it had disc brakes. The price will be just over £970 including tax.

A big effort has been made to reduce maintenance costs. The four chassis grease-points only require attention every 12,000 miles. Engine oil need only be changed every 3,000 miles and there should be no need to change the oil in the gearbox or back axle. Springing is supple enough to give a smooth ride over rough tracks, with no more than a little rear-seat shake over the worst surfaces, and on a motorway I timed the car at 79 m.p.h. which suggests that the claimed flat-out speed of 80 m.p.h. or so should be easily attainable with a car which is fully run in. It should prove one of the most popular Vauxhalls ever.

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Hardy at Hepworths

HEPWORTHS, THE MULTIPLE TAILORS, HAVE NEARLY 300 BRANCHES ALL over the British Isles and in each of them, recently, a 6 ft. 6 in. obelisk was installed, displaying the first fruits of Hepworths' collaboration with Mr. Hardy Amies—*haute couturier*, dressmaker to the Queen, and now their design consultant. The obelisk shows "the British Line for men"—Mr. Amies's crystallization of the influences that have been brought to bear on men's clothes over the last few years. It is an attempt, and I think a successful one, to bring Savile Row designing and craft tailoring to the average man. It should also help to re-establish British leadership in the design of men's clothing.

The British Line silhouettes the basically athletic British male figure, tapering continuously from the shoulders right down to the trousers. There are five major points: broad, clean-cut shoulders, naturally sloping, with moderate width lapels; a semi-drape back and full chest; a natural waist; close fitting hips. Extra slim trousers are the key to this look—no greater width than a 17-in. bottom was displayed on the production models shown to the press. The cut followed the natural line of the leg, with close-fitting hips and plain fronts—single pleats are the maximum. The slim line of the trousers is carried upwards by the close-fitting jacket, which broadens out to give ease of movement in the chest and back—and still manages to retain a clean-cut shoulder line. The range consists of almost every item of clothing that should be found in a man's wardrobe—suits, slacks, jackets, dinner suits, town and country coats, plus one new item, a sweater-jacket.

Waist buttons are in a natural position. One-, two- and three-button styles were shown. The second button may be above the waist, or below it with a long lapel rolling to the waist. These are, of course, single-breasted suits, but several double-breasted suits were shown, 2 button and showing 2 or 4. Pockets may be straight, slant, jetted or flap, but flapped slant pockets were most in evidence, including the breast pocket. The double breasted jackets had side vents, and vents generally were 8 in. deep. Leisure jackets—much the same, 1 in. longer than suits. Trousers may have single pleats and slant pockets, darted front with slant pockets, plain front with cross "frog's-mouth" pockets; more interesting were the split fall fronts with slant side pockets or, cleanest line of all, the full fall front with hidden cross pockets. The plain bottoms of the trousers are cut at an angle.

Coats conform to the line of the suit, tapering down from the shoulders. From the formal d.b. 3-button or s.b. 3-button for town wear, through the less formal Raglan with 45 deg. cross pockets, to the casual drop-shoulder knee-length coat, there's something for every occasion. There's a fine motoring coat, thigh length with side vents; the new sweater jackets, designed to be worn over the chunky sweaters—Raglan shoulders, four buttons, vertical pockets, jacket length, but straight cut—are I think a certain winner. There are evening coats, with no buttons—cut like a coat, worn like a cloak.

The evening clothes are interesting; all in blue barathea with satin-faced lapels. One of the most intriguing had braided edges to the lapels, jacket front and turned-back cuffs; this ebullience was offset by the straight flap pockets. Two of the styles had velvet collars, contrasting with the satin facings common to all of them.

This first Hardy Amies collection for Hepworths featured 44 items. The line is authoritative, and there are materials for everybody; the obelisk carries several thick swatches of cloths. There are some interesting linings—a motoring coat, in dark Lovat Glen wool and cashmere, was lined gold. A Donegal tweed coat had Dress Mackenzie lining. The evening coats were lined with white, black, blue, maroon or scarlet. These clothes are available now, and here are some examples of the pieces of the range. Suits—from 16 guineas. Slacks—around 4 guineas. Sweater jackets—about 10 guineas. The motoring coat—about 14 guineas. Evening coat—around 17 guineas. Dinner suit—about 18 guineas. Remember, too, that each suit is made to measure and hand cut.



The new sweater-jacket



Donegal tweed raglan coat

The single-breasted British line



Fine wool motoring coat



Baird—von Elzenbaum zu Wiesenbaum: Moira, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Baird, of Inverkip House, Renfrewshire, was married to Professor Dr. Hans von Elzenbaum zu Wiesenbaum, of Schlanders, at St. Aloysius's Church, Glasgow



VISTA, GLASGOW



Phillips—Hart: Anne daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Imber Phillips, of Richmond, Surrey, was married to Robert William, son of the late Mr. Robert Hart and of Mrs. John Oakley of Rye, Sussex



YEVONDE

Miss Annabel Raymond Greene to Mr. Charles George Gooch. She is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Raymond Greene, of Tedworth Square, S.W.3. He is the son of Mr. C. M. Gooch, Colchester, and Mrs. Le P. Power, Pupuressa, Ceylon

ALTA STUDIO

Miss Robina Axford to Mr. Robert Arbuthnott. She is the daughter of Mr. R. Axford, of Burlington Gardens, London, W.1. and Mrs. S. M. Axford, of Plummers Plan, Horsham, Sussex, He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Arbuthnott of the New House, Pangbourne, Berkshire



Plummer—Lyon: Susan Caroline, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Plummer, of Copthorne, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, was married to Jeremy George, son of the late Mr. Andrew Lyon and Mrs. Margaret Lyon, of Collierswood, Ardleigh, Essex, at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Frinton

Hoare—Harford: Hyacinthe Cecilia, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Nigel Hoare, of Southington, Overton, Basingstoke, was married to Piers Scandrett, son of Sir Arthur Harford, Bt., & Lady Harford, of Lockeridge Down, near Marlborough, Wiltshire, at St. Mary's Church, Overton

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. M. J. Wainford and Miss F. E. Harvey

The engagement is announced between Michael Joseph, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wainford, of Hillfield, 320 Millhouses Lane, Sheffield, and Frances Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Harvey, of Quarry Wood Hall, Marlow, Bucks, and Winchester Mansions, Beach Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa.

Mr. R. L. Hall and Miss P. J. Sutcliffe

The engagement is announced between Roger Leonard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hall, of Pinehurst, Macdonald Road, Lightwater, Surrey, and Patricia June, daughter of Mr. Edward Sutcliffe, Q.C., and Mrs. Sutcliffe, of 55 Hampstead Way, London, N.W.11.

Mr. N. J. Field-Richards and Miss J. R. Rayson

The engagement is announced between Nigel John Field-Richards, R.A.F., son of Major and Mrs. M. J. Field-Richards, of Upper Poppleton, York, and Jacqueline Roberta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Rayson, of 1 Driffield Terrace, The Mount, York.

Mr. G. C. Davies and Miss M. MacRobert

The engagement is announced between Giles Colin Davies, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Davies, Brackendene, Hayes, Kent, and Mary, younger daughter of the late Mr. Jack MacRobert, and Mrs. MacRobert, Camphill Cottage, Paisley, Renfrewshire.

Mr. S. B. Ing and Miss H. D. Clare

The engagement is announced between Simon Burton, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ing, of Elm Road House, Wisbech, Cambs, and Hazel Diana, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Clare, of Kingsmoor House, Harlow, Essex.

Mr. R. L. Chippendale and Miss M. Emmerson

The engagement is announced between Robert Lee, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Chippendale, of Morecambe, Lancashire, and Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Emmerson, of Bloomfield Road, Bath, Somerset.

Mr. P. B. A. Ridett and Miss A. C. Hewison

The engagement is announced between Patrick Bernard Alexander, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Ridett, of Reading, and Anthea Courtenay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. P. Hewison, Goldendale, Princes Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

Mr. A. J. Alderson and Miss J. M. P. Winlaw

The engagement is announced between Antony John, son of the late Capt. Richard Alderson, Coldstream Guards, and of Mrs. Alderson, of Hill House, Broom Heath, Woodbridge, Suffolk, and Juliet Mary Primrose, daughter of the late Squadron Leader Roger Winlaw, R.A.F., and of Mrs. John Montgomery, and stepdaughter of Mr. John Montgomery, of Rondels, Cookham, Berkshire.

Mr. P. Rigby and Miss E. L. P. Perigoe

The engagement is announced between Peter, son of Mrs. Rigby, of Park Corner, Northiam, and the late Mr. T. R. Rigby, of Cranbrook, Kent, and Elisabeth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Perigoe, of Oak House, Northiam, Sussex.

Mr. R. Tomlinson and Miss A. Brooks

The engagement is announced between Roger, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tomlinson, 60 Fairfax Avenue, Ewell, Surrey, and Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Brooks, 39 Burnham Drive, Worcester Park, Surrey.

Mr. C. T. Lucas and Miss C. Colville

The engagement is announced between Christopher Tullis, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Lucas, of 24 The Gateways, Chelsea, S.W.3, and Tina, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Colville, of 15 Shaftesbury Road, Bridlington, Yorkshire.

Mr. D. L. Jones and Miss M. Madeley

The engagement is announced between Derek Leonard, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Jones, Glenwood, Church Stretton, and Mary, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Madeley, Linguar House, Stafford.

Mr. A. C. E. Parry and Miss E. Laue-Knudsen

The engagement is announced between Alistair, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. G. Parry, Hazelwood, Limpsfield, Surrey, and Elisabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Laue-Knudsen, Hempnall, Norfolk.

Mr. A. D. Brown and Miss E. M. Page

The engagement is announced, and the marriage will take place on December 30, between Arthur Duncan, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Brown, of 29 Cecil Road, Weston-super-Mare, and Elizabeth Margaret, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Page, of Ivythorn Manor, Street, Somerset.

Flight Lieutenant P. J. C. Phillips and Miss S. E. Burges

The engagement is announced between Peter John Croft Phillips, R.A.F., son of Wing Commander and Mrs. J. S. Phillips, of Copthorne Cottage, Felbridge, East Grinstead, Sussex, and Susan Elizabeth, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Ynyr A. Burges, of Catsfield Manor, Battle, Sussex, and late of Parkanaur, Northern Ireland.

Mr. J. J. C. Procter and Miss S. Stark

The engagement is announced between Jeremy, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Procter, 16 Park Terrace, Nottingham, and Sheila, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stark, 112 Moor Drive, Liverpool, 23.

Mr. J. Hone and Miss R. C. E. Brady

The engagement is announced between Joseph, son of the late Nathaniel Hone and of Mrs. Bridget Hone, Winchcombe, Gloucestershire, and Rosemary Catherine Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Noel Brady, Thornlea, Bracknell Road, Bagshot, Surrey.

Mr. K. N. Wilkins, R.M., and Miss P. J. Naish

The engagement is announced between Keith Nigel, son of the late Mr. E. C. F. Wilkins and Mrs. Wilkins, of Argyll House, Dollar, and Penelope Jane, second daughter of Mr. R. H. Naish, T.D., and Mrs. Naish, of Claremont Cottage, Exmouth.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Coasting craft



THOUGH CONSIDERED BY MANY AS ONLY WORTH A PASSING MENTION AS minor pieces of domestic silver, decanter stands complete my survey of lovely things that were produced in the 18th and 19th centuries, and used in the service of wine to increase the pleasure of drinking. Gracious living was synonymous with the 18th century and during this period bottle stands played an important part on the dining table. It was the custom to remove the cloth for dessert and send the decanters coasting round the polished mahogany table—the more familiar name by which we know these pieces today derives from this practice. The stands were made with the lower part moulded and bent over a mahogany base frequently covered with green baize so that the coasting would be smooth and would not scratch polished tables.

Coasters date from about the middle of the 18th century and are sometimes found made in one piece with silver bases, pierced in patterns varying like those of cake baskets and cruet frames but to a lesser degree. Coasters of the 19th century, on the other hand, are seldom pierced; they were more usually embossed with patterns and again had silver bases engraved in the centre with a coat of arms. Often some of Regency design with vine borders were gilded.

It was common to find these coasters in pairs, or in sets of greater numbers, but stands to hold two decanters are in existence as also are

some in individual forms such as that of an admiral's barge. Others are complete with wheels. The silversmith and date determine the value of coasters today, but silver ones can be obtained from about £20 a pair. They were also extensively made in Sheffield plate, following exactly the same designs of piercing as silver coasters, and these vary in price from £7 to £15 a pair. Illustrated are coasters in the possession of Messrs. Bracher & Sydenham of Reading. The set of six pierced silver coasters, London hall mark 1799, were made by Stephen Abdy with wood base and centre silver disc. The other group includes, left, a pair of silver coasters, London hall mark 1804, by William Abdy with a pierced border of flowers and leaves, wood base with a silver disc in centre, 5½ in. in diameter; behind, a pair of silver coasters, Sheffield hall mark 1806, by John Roberts & Co., diameter 5½ in.; vine borders surround the wood base which has a silver disc in the centre engraved with a crest; the right hand pair of silver coasters have a London hall mark 1782 and are by William Plummer, 4½ in. in diameter wood-based.

The Autumn Antiques Fair will be opened at Chelsea Town Hall on October 4, at 2 p.m., by Princess Radziwill, and will remain open daily from 11 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. until 14 October. This year the emphasis is on small pieces of English furniture, paintings and prints, and there will be a fine collection of Worcester porcelain of the first period.

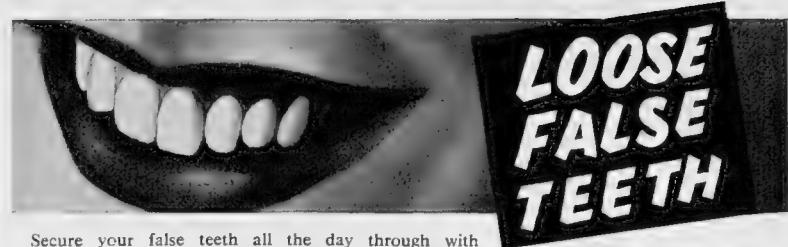


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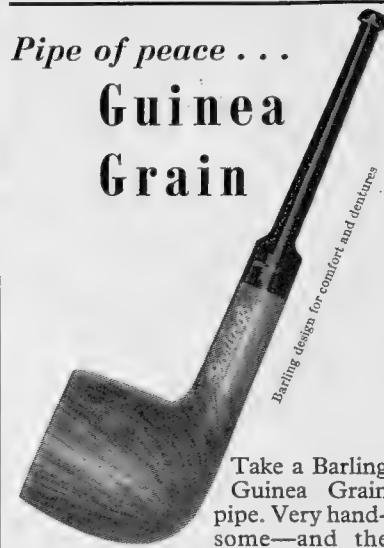
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